

Silent Worker

A MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF, BY THE DEAF AND ABOUT THE DEAF

Vol. XXXII. No. 7

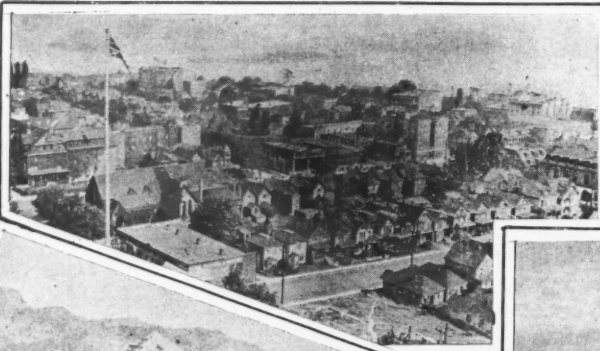
Trenton, N. J., April, 1920

15 Cents a Copy

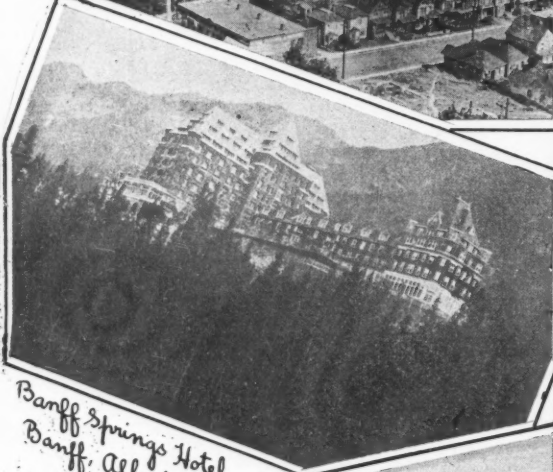
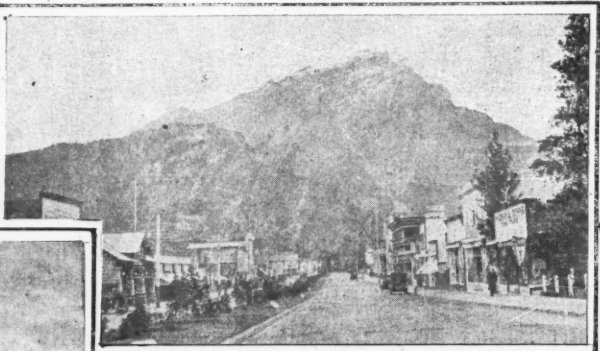


COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

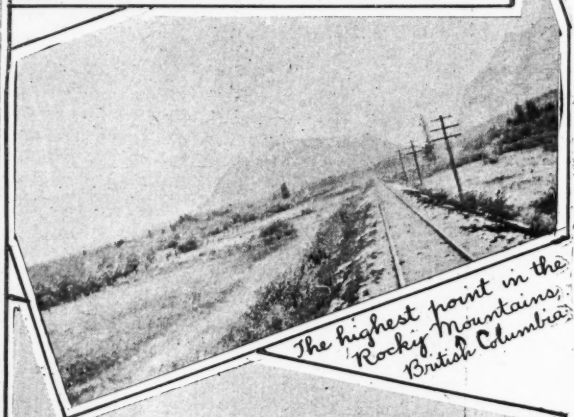
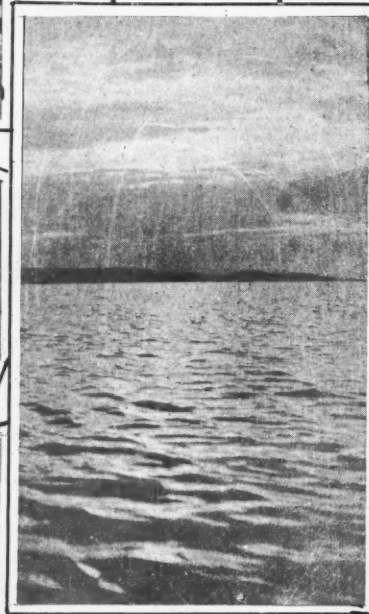
MISS HELEN KELLER IN VAUDEVILLE (See page 171)



View of Main St.
Vancouver, British
Columbia, which is
9196 ft. high.



Banff Springs Hotel,
Banff, Alberta.



The highest point in the
Rocky Mountains,
British Columbia.



Moonlight on
Selkirk Lake.

Canadian Scenes

Photographs by Mr. A. Kerr, Junior.

View of Victoria, British Columbia.

The Rockies in Banff, Alberta.



"Suspension Bridge"



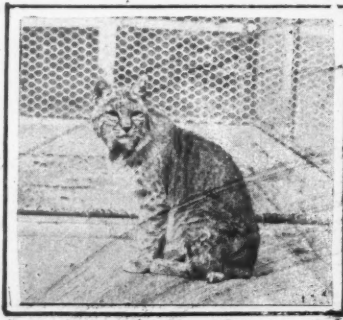
A Mushroom Tree at Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.



Sailing on the "S.S. Princess
Victoria."



Bathing in the Sulphur Baths in Banff.
The temperature was 92°.



A Canadian Lynx



"We had a fine trip on the boat round Lake
Washington that lasted two hours."

Distinctive Features of Schools for The Deaf

No. 7---The Colorado School

By H. M. HABERT



THE COLORADO SCHOOL for the Deaf and the Blind has a history antedating statehood, it having been founded in February, 1874. Its founder, Johnathan Ralstin Kennedy, was a native of Ohio, but in early manhood felt the lure of "Westward Ho," and after his marriage to Miss Mary E. Jones, also of Ohio, emigrated first to Illinois and afterwards to Kansas, settling on a homestead a few miles south of the historic city of Lawrence. In those days preceeding the Civil War, Kansas was the battle ground of the contending forces, and the Kennedy family were in the very thick of the struggle for a free state, three of the brothers holding commissions as officers in the Union forces. It was early in the sixties that Mr. J. R. Kennedy became connected with the Kansas School for the Deaf, founded by Prof. Philip A. Emery, at Baldwin City, Mr. Kennedy having three children who were deaf. He retired from the Kansas school early in the seventies, and in 1873-4 again heeded the call to "Go West." The Territorial legislature was in session at Denver in February, 1874, and Mr. Kennedy had no difficulty in arousing sufficient interest among the law-makers to secure the enactment of a bill establishing the school. As Colorado Springs was considered the future educational center of the new state, it was decided to locate the school there, and the donation of an appropriate site, half a mile eastward of the incorporated limits of the new city, was made cheerfully by the town site company. The original site comprises a quadrangle of thirteen acres, but it has since been added to by purchase and through the generosity of wealthy friends of the school until the site compresses a compact body of fifty acres. It is on the elevated ground overlooking the city and facing the most celebrated mountain of the Rockies, Pikes Peak, twelve miles distant in an air-line. The front range of the Rockies rises like a mighty wall, west, northwest, and southwest, culminating far to the south in the far-famed Spanish Peaks, visible

in the dim haze of the horizon over a hundred and twenty-five miles away.

So much for the early history and location. The School of today is admirably officered in all departments, is well-housed in buildings of substantial construction, the famed Colorado gray lava stone being

building. (Palmer Hall was built last year and is of the most up-to-date construction.) Southeast of the Administration building is the Girls' Hall, built in 1892, but since remodeled and modernized. East of the Girls' Hall is Humphrey Hall, a combined dormitory and school building for the younger pupils, is as

perfect in its appointment as it can be made. In the rear of the Administration building stands the original building used by the school in 1876. This is four stories and includes the south wing built in 1880 and the north wing added in 1882. An annex, built of brick, contains the kitchen and dining rooms. Still farther back stands the Industrial building and heating plant. It is of gray pressed brick, two stories, and houses all the trades taught in the School, and a complete up-to-date laundry and a bakery, both on the ground floor. The next building to adorn the grounds is to be the Gymnasium, an appropriation for which was made by the legislature last year, and the plans for which have been accepted by the Board of Trustees.

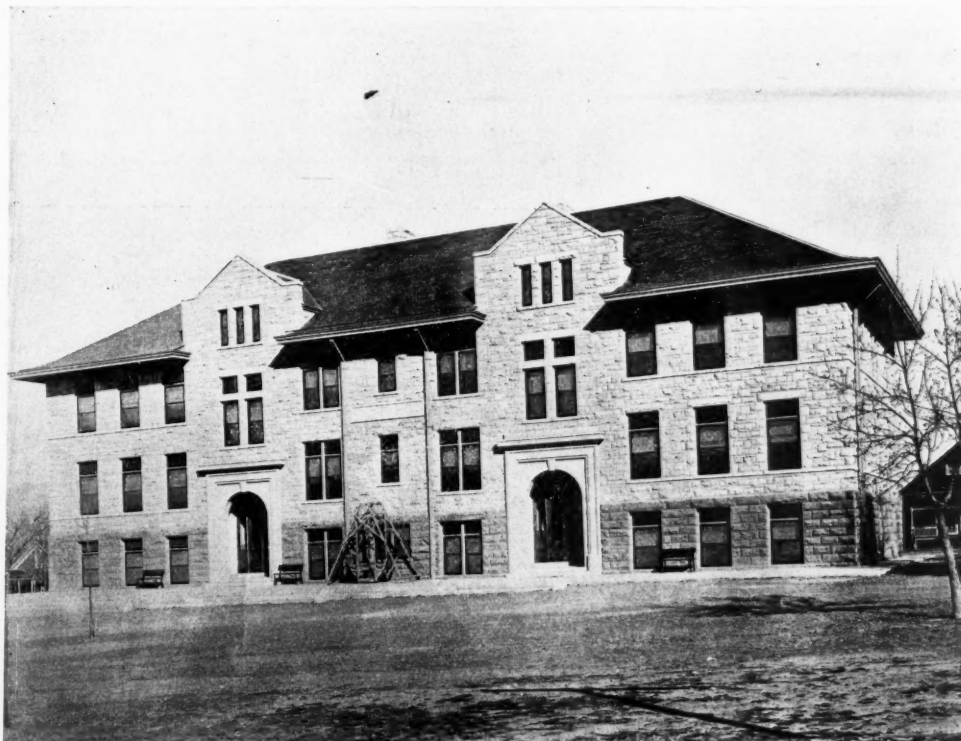
The grounds surrounding the buildings have been graded and improved from time to time as funds necessary to pay the expense were available. A comprehensive scheme for landscape beautifying was adopted some years ago, and all future work will be in pursuance thereof.

The educational department of the school ranks among the very best schools for the deaf in the United States. Outside of school work due attention has been paid to the physical welfare of the children, and playground apparatus is found on every hand. Instructors in physical culture, including military training, are on the faculty, medical inspection is frequent, and

sanitation is rigorously enforced. An abundance of the most wholesome food is provided, and special pride is taken in the herd of thoroughbred dairy cows, which daily supply sixty to eighty gallons of the purest and best milk that can be had, the school owning some two hundred acres located three-fourths of a mile east of the group of buildings. The ranch buildings are admirably equipped for the uses required



The Administration Building



Palmer Hall, the latest building. It holds sixty boys nicely with their Supervisors and is provided with dining room and kitchen should it seem desirable to make it a complete unit.

largely used. It presents a most pleasing appearance. The buildings number nine at present and consist of the Administration building, standing foremost on the school grounds and are occupied, as the same indicates, by the administrative officers, the school building, 65½ 199½ feet, set back to the northeast: Argo Hall and Palmer Hall, separate dormitories for the Blind and Deaf boys, both east of the school



One of four dormitories in Palmer Hall with eight beds each. The lockers are in the hall-way. The wash room for sixteen boys contains seven wash bowls, a drinking fountain, tooth washing bowl, two emergency toilets and one emergency bath tub. The basement which is almost entirely above ground, is fitted with service wash rooms, toilets and shower baths.

The distinctive features of the school comprise special attention to healthful environment and outdoor activities that conduce to the fullest extent the promotion of physical development and growth. To this end the playgrounds are ample and are provided with appliances in the shape of swings, tennis courts, baseball and foot-ball grounds, basket-ball facilities and organizations among the pupils for the systematic carrying of all such activities. There are two troops of Girl Scouts, associated with the local branch, as well as one troop of Boy Scouts, Athletic Associations—for both sexes, a Red Cross Auxiliary, an association of Garden Clubs for the six upper classes in the Deaf Department and the three higher classes in the Blind Department, and an Experimental Poultry Stations Association. The Garden Clubs are directed by officers selected from the Board of Trustees and members of the faculty. Pupils of the class serve as subordinate officers. The Poultry Stations Association was instituted a number of years ago, and their successful operation has been assured, chiefly through the knowledge and experience gained from the start. The personnel has changed from year to year as new members from the pupils have come in, and old ones dropped out. The aim has been to give all connected with the Association a practical knowledge of the essentials of poultry management in all its multifarious phases under peculiar conditions of the climate, etc. Frequent meetings of the members of each station are held for the exchange of experiences as developed from time to time and consultation as to the proper course to pursue in all possible emergencies. The marketing of the product is but an incident to the main end in view. Particular attention is given to the business part and book-keeping is taught in the most practical manner possible. There are seven of the stations, and ten Philo coops. Each station has six members, and averages forty fowls. The Philo coops have six hens each. Careful account is kept of all necessary expense entailed. Regular monthly reports of expenses for feed, rent of buildings, housing the chickens, production of eggs, etc., are published in the school paper and tables showing comparative data as to cost. The profits, if any, are distributed among the members of the association and serve as an incentive to faithful, efficient effort. The different breeds of chickens experimented with are White Leg-

horns, Buff Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, and Anconas. The buildings required for each station are of the most approved plan and construction and were built by the carpenter shop boys of the school under supervision of the master carpenter. Regular hours for feeding, watering and exercise of the pens are rigidly adhered to. The Philo Coops are an intensive system of poultry management where the space is limited and the necessary cost is reduced to a minimum. It is obvious that with so many breeds of

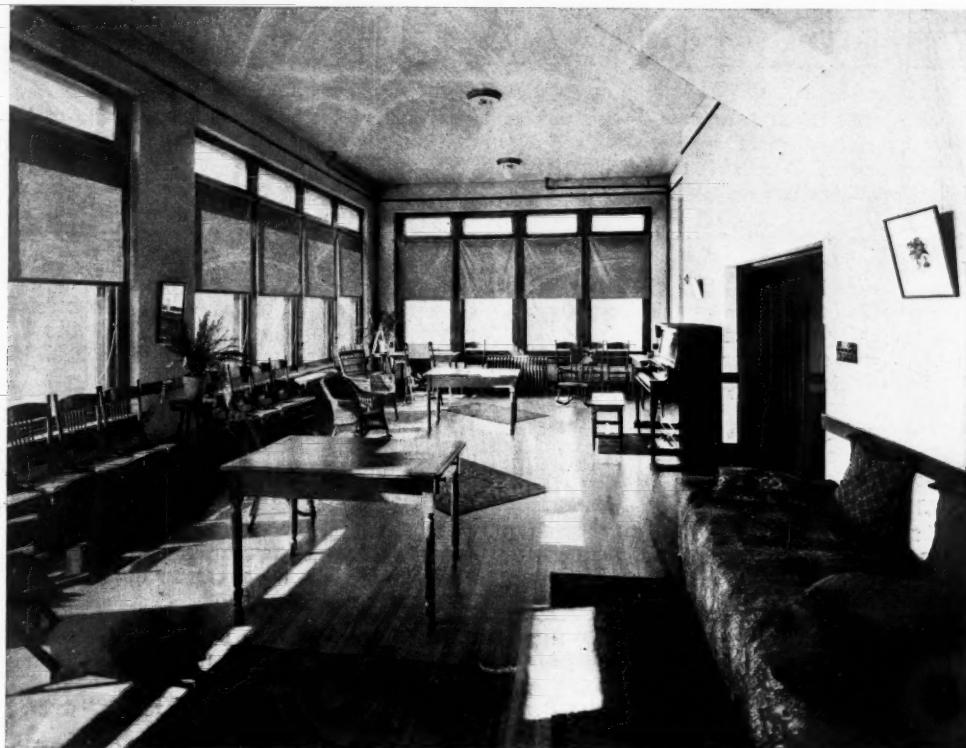
chickens experimented with under substantially similar conditions the most profitable breed will be ascertained for this climate. Aside from the benefits of having the minds of the children occupied with useful practical work, it is expected that the knowledge and experience gained by them may be turned to good account after their school days are over. The same remark applies equally to the Garden Clubs Association. After the organization, certain plots of ground were set aside for each club and properly prepared for cultivation each spring. Each club selected such vegetables as it pleased to experiment with and under the personal direction of the gardener of the school, spaded up and otherwise prepared the ground assigned to it for planting. The cultivation of the plants was faithfully attended to during the time the children were members of the school household, and during the vacation by the hired help of the school. The product of the gardens was used by the school family and proper credit was given to each plot and paid for. It will be readily seen that a vast amount of useful knowledge was instilled into the minds of the children, the motto being, "We learn to do by doing."

The activities given to physical development and growth are many and of frequent exercise, such as sports and games in the open, mountain climbing, hikes among the beautiful canons so numerous in the near vicinity, long tramps over the rolling sand-covered hills and plains to the eastward. The great days of the school are those on which the annual picnics are held, in any of the matchless playgrounds in the foothills, the Garden of the Gods, the enchanting wonderlands of Manitou, Cheyenne Canons and Ute Pass. There are regular exercises in calisthenics and annual exhibitions to which the public is invited, prizes being given to the most proficient as a stimulus and an encouragement to excellence. The regimen to which all are subjected continually as well as the abundance of wholesome fare furnished three times a day no doubt accounts for the excellent health and mental activity of our children.

[Mr. H. M. Harbert, the writer of this article is a native of Indiana, born August 11, 1853. Attended public school in Galveston, Indiana, until an attack of spotted fever in the winter of 1863-4 deprived him of hearing. For the five following years, his opportunities for obtaining an education



A bedroom in Palmer Hall one of ten with a capacity of three boys each. They are each provided with ample closet room and fool proof lavatories. The building is screened throughout. The transome openings are covered with copper wire, sixty wires to the inch, which permit the use of the transomes in any weather without fear of having the cover blown off the beds.



GIRLS' SITTING ROOM—GIRLS' HALL—COLORADO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

were practically nil, owing to the demoralization in educational work in Indiana incident to and following the civil war. In the summer of 1868, his folks emigrated to Kansas via the "Prairie Schooner" route, and within a month after he entered the Kansas School for the Deaf at Olathe. Three or four years spent there satisfied him he could learn quite as much working at his trade as he could in that school.

In the spring of 1878 he went west and tarried a few months in Colorado Springs, and a vacancy occurring in the new school, founded in 1874, he applied for the position and was appointed, beginning his duties on December 10, 1878.

Mr. Harbert married the oldest daughter of the Superintendent of the Colorado School on March 20, 1879. She was totally deaf, and had one sister and one brother who were likewise afflicted. Six children, two girls and four boys, have been born to them, all of whom are normal in every way. Five of them are married, and four have normal children, all exceptionally bright—a proof that "A Deaf Variety of the Race" has received no encouragement from the Harbert tribe.

Although the subject of this sketch has been retired on pension on account of old-age he still takes an active interest in the print-shop of the school where he has been instructor since his appointment, and **The Colorado Index** is sufficient proof that Mr. Harbert is an expert in the Art of Printing.—**ED. WORKER.**]

Another manufacturing firm is after deaf workmen and women. This time it is a Terre Haute firm—the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Co. They want 20 deaf men and 20 deaf women—the women for day work, the men for night work. The hours are from 7 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening. The night work is from 7 in the evening to 5 in the morning. Good pay is offered. Quick active, strong people are desired. The pay is by piece work and the more active the worker, the better the pay.—**Silent Hoosier.**

The Ford plant is going to be enlarged to twice its present size. Mr. Ford is interested in the deaf and discriminates in their favor. In the case of hearing men, one has to live in Detroit three months before he can obtain work at the Ford factory, but deaf men are taken on at once. If they cannot make good in one department they are given an opportunity to try in some other.—**Rochester Advocate.**

WHAT THE DEAF IN THE U.S.A. HAVE DONE TO HELP THE CHEFOO SCHOOL



ONE OF THE delightful sides of our the way the deaf in other lands have work for the Chinese deaf has been responded to our appeal for help. I should like to give a full account of what each circle has done, but this is impossible as I haven't data with me; however, the names, as they appear on the list of donors in our last report, may be of interest to the readers of "The Silent Worker," so I give them:—

The Alumni Association of the Rochester School, N. Y.

The Deaf of Corinth, Mississippi, per Miss F. Richardson,

The Deaf of Houston, Texas, per Miss F. Richardson,

The Deaf of Pittsburgh, Pa., per Dr. Burt.

The Deaf "Ephphatha" Guild, Scranton, Pa., U. S. A., per C. L. Clark,

The Gallaudet Scholarships, Chicago, Ill., U.S. A., per Mr. P. J. Hasenstab.

School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio., U. S. A.

School for the Deaf, Danville, Ky., U.S.A., per Prof. A. Rogers,

School for the Deaf, Delavan, Wis., U.S.A.

School for the Deaf, Morganton, North Carolina U.S.A., per Prof. E. McK. Goodwin,

School for the Deaf, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, U. S. A.,

Kendall School for the Deaf, Washington, D.C. U. S. A.,

Rochester, N. Y., "Silent Workers" and "Little Helpers," per Dr. Westervelt.

This list only extends back to April 1st, 1916, so of course, is not complete. To the above, representing the deaf in the U. S. A., there should be added the following:—

The Evangelical Church for the Deaf, Toronto, Canada.

The Deaf of Toronto, per Miss Clark,

The Deaf in the Oxford Diocesan Mission, Liverpool, England.

The Deaf of Belfast, Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Watt, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. F. Brigdon, Toronto, Canada.

Since our last report was published a scholarship has been received from the school at Washington Heights, New York, while the Wright Oral School promises to send help again and The Nitchie School for the Hard-of-Hearing plans to continue the Nitchie Scholarship, which had been allowed to lapse, as a Memorial to Mr. Nitchie who was greatly interested in the work in China. A gift has, also, been received from The Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, Mount Airy, Pa., per Mr. Lyman Stead.

Special interest is attached to a gift from the deaf employed in the Rubber Tire Works at Akron, Ohio, the result of a lecture given by Mr. A. E. Pope, of Trenton, N. J. As the donors requested that this gift be sent to Mr. Tse Tein Fu, a graduate of the Chefoo School who has a private school in Hangchow, this was done and it will be used to meet the expenses of a poor pupil in Mr. Tse's school.

Later we hope to give fuller accounts of the money that has been raised by the deaf for the work in China.

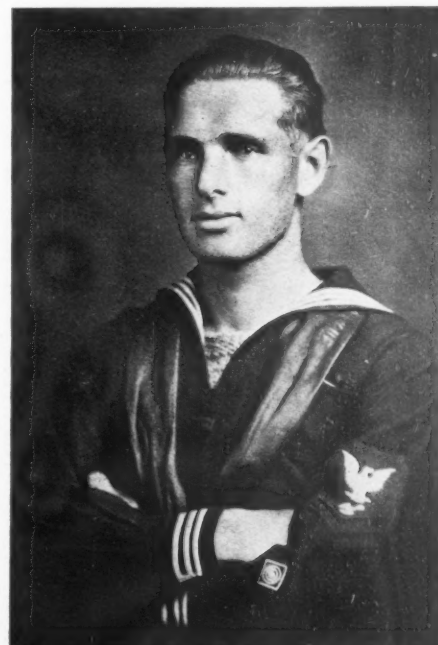
It will be of interest to the friends of the deaf to know the building fund for the Chefoo School has been completed and we hope to start work next autumn. The new buildings, which are to cost \$20,000.00, will enable us to receive one hundred pupils, double our present number. We shall need fifty more scholarships at sixty dollars (\$60.00) each yearly. Money for these scholarships can be sent direct to us, made payable to the Treasurer of the School for the Deaf, Chefoo, China, either in an International Post Office money order, or a draft on New York. We should like to hear from every school and society in the U. S. Letters sent in care of Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., will always be forwarded to us. BY A. T. MILLS.

IN THE NAVAL RESERVES

A large number of the fifth naval reserves were Rifle coaches on Rifle ranges to teach soldiers how to handle the rifle as to marksmanship.

Some of the naval reserves had charge of the big railroad batteries over sea in France and Navy Planes.

The navy has quit a few Rifle ranges throughout the East and South, the largest being in the East.



THOMAS P. McNULTY

Thomas P. McNulty is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. McNulty, of 808 Hudson Ave., Detroit, Michigan. Mr. McNulty, since he returned home, has been appointed to serve on the city's Police force and is doing excellent patrol work.

HELEN KELLER IN VAUDEVILLE

HELEN KELLER in vaudeville! Would you believe it? Yes, the deaf-blind woman who has become famous the world over for the brilliancy of her mind is now in vaudeville and the deaf will have an opportunity to witness her act in all the large cities of the country where the circuit takes her. It is called: "The Star of Happiness."

Miss Keller is accompanied by her teacher and life-long companion, Mrs. John A. Macy, better known as Anne Sullivan, and it is through her that she is introduced to audiences and briefly outlines Miss Keller's life and accomplishments before each act.

Not long ago, Miss Keller appeared in Motion Picture work. She declared it was the most difficult thing she ever tried. "I was unable to hear the director's orders; he had to stamp on the floor often to attract my attention and of course that

was awkward. Often I would turn the wrong way and then they would laugh at my blunders." Of the two years she spent in the moving picture studio Miss Keller was being filmed for the story of her life.

Miss Keller, as is well known, is a graduate of Radcliffe, and has had post-graduate courses at Harvard, in addition to which she has written several books. She has even taken an airplane flight and enjoyed the sensation.

Once Caruso sang to her and she described her experience in these words:

"It was magnificent. I am sensitive to music, and I enjoyed it so much. That was in Atlanta, four years ago. They say that I interviewed Caruso as no one else has ever done. He was having his nails manicured."

Helen Keller is pictured on first page "making up" in the dressing room of one of the theatres, preparatory to her act. She is much stouter and

more mature looking than the portraits of her which appeared in this magazine about twenty years ago. The press agent describes her as of "medium height, clear-skinned with light-brown hair. Her smile is sparkling, and she has a curious intuition for facing the person to whom she is speaking quite as if she saw him. Her eyes are of blue and much more expressive than the eyes of the blind are apt to be. She is quick-witted, and thoroughly enjoys a joke. She has confirmed convictions, and can ably hold her own in an argument."

At one of the vaudeville performances, some one in the audience asked Miss Keller if she had any sense of color.

"Well, I see red when I am angry," she laughed, "and I have been all shades of blue in my time. Even though I am spreading the doctrine of happiness, I am human in that respect."

What will Helen Keller conquer next?

TO LECTURE TO DEAF

Helen Meinken, leading woman of "Three Wise Fools" at the Garrick Theatre, has received an invitation from the New York School for the Deaf and Dumb "to deliver a lecture on 'The Stage,'" and also to coach a number of the students in a playlet she has written for their use."

Miss Menken is adept in the art of speaking with with the hands and she has been keenly interested in the movement to increase the vocational and amusement opportunities for those who can neither speak nor hear. She has been working on her playlet, keeping in mind the needs of those who must use their hands to express speech, for a number of months and recently she submitted the piece to the head of the school.

"I am very happy that plan has found approval, for I am certain that it will accomplish what I intend it should—help to lighten the hours for those attending the school," said Miss Meinken yesterday.

"Of course, the students there have many opportunities for amusement and entertainment, but they are denied the joys of such things as music and hearing the spoken word on the stage. Motion pictures serve them almost as well as the spoken play does us who are fortunate, but I believe they will derive more enjoyment from plays where they can see the entire dialogue spelled out on the hands. I believe they will derive a great deal of pleasure from stage work, too, and I am certain that it will take but little time to build up an excellent company, because they are all apt pupils and are eager to learn. I'm eager to begin the work, too, because I know I shall find even more pleasure in it than they will. I'm afraid I can't start, though, until next spring; but then I shall give my entire summer to it if they want me. There's only one thing about it I don't like, and that is the thought of delivering a lecture. That frightens me, and I think I shall have to beg off."

"I'll give it for you," cheerfully volunteered Charles

Latie, who plays with Miss Meinken. "I've been using the sign language ever since July 1, and I'm becoming expert, really."

Miss Meinken was asked the name and nature of her playlet.

"I'll not tell any more than that it is a comedy," she said. "I believe, and also have been so told by others who should know, that I have a very good idea, and I may enlarge on it and make the necessary corrections and try to find a place for it later on the speaking stage. So I'll keep it all a dark secret now."

—Philadelphia Record.

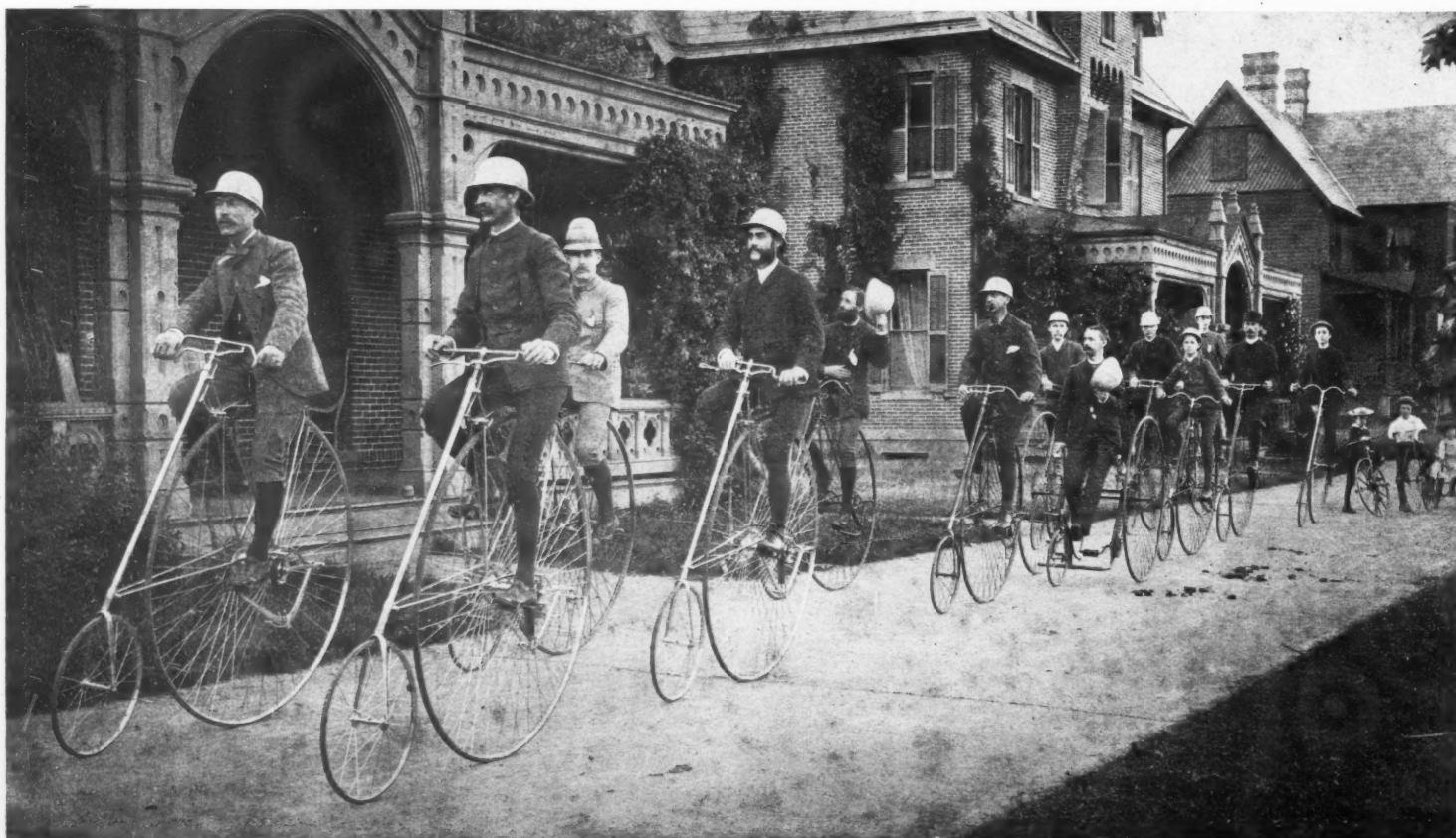
QUIETING THE BARBER

"Your hair is getting thin," said the barber as he ran his long fingers through the stray hairs of his victim. "Now, we have the greatest tonic in the world, guaranteed to—"

"Oh, but I put something on it every morning!" said the customer.

"May I inquire what, sir?"

"My hat."



This etching is from a photograph taken on Faculty Row, Kendall Green, in 1885. The participants from front to rear, include Professors Draper, Bryant, Davidson, Hotchkiss, Dennison and Fay, A. B. Fay, A. F. Adams and College students. Who would essay to straddle such a wheel now? This type of wheel soon became obsolete.

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER

DEATH entered our ranks twice the same week recently. On February 26, Mrs. Hannah E. Houston succumbed to pneumonia and other complications at an advanced age, and on the following day Mrs. Katharine B. Scott, wife of Elmer E. Scott, was also claimed by pneumonia early in middle life.

Mrs. Houston, wife of Washington Houston and whose maiden name was Franks, had been seriously ill for about six weeks with heart and kidney trouble when pneumonia also set in and quickly ended her sufferings by death, at the ripe age of 74 years. She had been married for 45 years, and left besides her husband a daughter, Mrs. Anna A. Shaw, who has two children living. She also left for them the memory of a beautiful, useful and good life and thus is sadly missed in her late home and by her friends.

Mrs. Scott was comparatively young, full of life, as happy as one can be and seemed to have many more years of life ahead, so that her untimely passing away was a great shock to all who knew her. But a very few had heard of her illness which lasted only about six days, so that the shock of her death was greater to her friends. A cold contracted by her rapidly developed into lobar pneumonia, which is said to be the most dangerous and the most dreaded of the different forms of pneumonia, and she quickly succumbed to it.

Mrs. Scott had been very active in the affairs of the deaf of this city for several years past. She was chairman of the ladies' committee, working under the directions of the Local Committee of Arrangements of the last triennial meeting of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf in Philadelphia, in 1918, and, at her death, was Supreme Lady of the Ladies of De l'Epee, a national secret organization, Grand Lady of St. Cecilia Council, No. 3, of Philadelphia, and President of the Atlanta Savings Club, which is officered by ladies and has no connection with the local Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. She also gave aid to various Catholic activities from time to time, being a faithful Catholic herself, and was recognized as a leader of prominence in the social affairs of the deaf of Philadelphia. Her aid and support given to the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, a non-sectarian charity, may be taken as evidence of her sympathetic nature. Though she has gone to her eternal rest, her works will be remembered and her loss mourned by us whenever her memory is recalled.

Are the deaf building air-castles or playing with soap-bubbles in these days? Think of the number of silent athletic clubs that have sprung up in different parts of the country in a comparatively short time or perhaps dating from the time that the Chicago silents startled the deaf of the world by the purchase of a fine, large club-house not very long ago. Evidently the temptation to imitate this achievement is strong in some quarters and a sorrowful lack of foresight shown. It should be remembered that Rome was not built in a day, and to own and run a club-house is not so easy as it looks. We do not wish to appear pessimistic and to begrudge the deaf the pleasure of owning their own club-houses, but why expend so much effort on what seems a well-nigh hopeless task when about the same ends may be more cheaply gained by joining Y. M. C. A.'s, or some strongly organized athletic organization of the hearing. Association with the hearing has many advantages. Of course, not all of the silent athletic clubs of the deaf that have been organized or are projected have the same objects in view,

and those that are the most practicable will thrive the most.

A report is going the rounds to the effect that a graduate of the Mt. Airy School has been appointed as a policeman and traffic officer by the Burgess of Tyrone, Pa. He is Howard I. Kepner.

The 1910 Census gave that town almost nine thousand people, which is more than likely to



MRS. KATHARINE B. SCOTT

have increased to 10,000 or more since. A town of that size must do pretty much business, which may be further inferred from the fact that a traffic officer is needed. Taking all things into account then, it seems a rather hazardous position for a deaf man to fill.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30 N. F. S. D., is going to celebrate its tenth anniversary by a banquet next Fall. The event is expected to take place on Saturday evening, October 6th, 1920, and it will be a "stag" affair. This is the tentative arrangement so far. We trust, however, that attendance will not be limited exclusively to Frats, for such an affair need not and should not have a Star Chamber character, especially when it can be used to fraternize with outsiders and incidentally to boost the N. F. S. D. The Committee which has this matter in charge is composed of Messrs John A. Roach, Chairman, Harry E. Stevens and Hugh Cusack.

In these years of grace a favorite hobby of our friend, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, is lanternography. He owns complete paraphernalia, a large assortment of slides, and he himself is quite an adept in making slides. So far he has not made use of this hobby to increase his bank account but bestowed his services freely for the pleasure it gives him to entertain his friends. We admire him for his generosity in giving others the benefit of his talent and hope that in turn his efforts to please others are gratefully appreciated. On February 26th, Mr. Stevens gave his latest exhibi-

tion before the Clerc Literary Association. On this occasion he used slides borrowed from the U. S. Bureau of Public Health, composing the following subjects: Alaska, its people, climate and resources. Children and children's diseases. An edifying and interesting show was thus given.

Mr. Charles H. Paxton has been attending the present term of the Wanamaker Institute to learn tailoring in all its branches, and, we understand, will graduate this Spring. May he reap the full benefit of the advancement in his chosen vocation.

The following two items are gleaned from the "Nosegay" column of the Philadelphia Record in recent issues:—

"There is an old story which says that 'what happens once may happen again,' but there are not many persons who experience a repetition of strange happenings such as befell John A. McIlvaine, a teacher in the advanced department of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mount Airy. Two years ago he was washing his hands at a sink in the school one day. He had taken off his ring and laid it at the side of the sink. When he was ready to replace it the ring could not be found. Several boys were passing at the time. He told them his ring was missing. In hunting around the floor one of the boys found the ring lodged in the cuff of his trousers. Evidently it had been brushed off the sink and had fallen into the cuff. That was considered peculiar in itself. But the second chapter of the story proved still more interesting. Recently Mrs. McIlvaine was preparing to leave home on a visit. She had placed three of her rings on a table. Mr. McIlvaine, holding the baby of the family, passed, when the infant grabbed Mrs. McIlvaine's muff lying on the table and pulled it off. When she came to look for her rings one of them, mounted with a diamond, could not be found. They hunted all about the table, but found no ring. Just as they were becoming concerned over the matter McIlvaine recalled the disappearance and recovery of his ring two years ago. He felt in the cuff of his trousers, and sure enough there the ring was resting."

"Motion picture exhibitions are a great delight to the deaf. Every Saturday the children of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mount Airy have been in the habit of attending the motion picture theatres in Germantown in large numbers. Now, however, the institution will have its own "movie" shows, for a motion-picture machine has been bought for the school, and there is an exhibition of standard films every Saturday night at the school. The opening program comprised scenes from the life of Napoleon and comedy films."

The New Jersey School has long since provided such entertainment for its school family, and we remember once we had the great pleasure of attending one of their entertainments. It was goodness. It may not be long before all the schools for the deaf will have their own movie equipment, if any do not yet own one.

On February 22nd, last, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Eakins, of Reading, Pa., celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. The day being Sunday the celebration was in the form of a dinner, given them by a daughter at her home. The deaf friends of their home city, anticipating the happy occasion and knowing of their intended absence from home on Sunday, called at their home in a body on the night before to offer their congratulations and present gifts of flowers and a purse of gold to them. This may be taken as evidence of the esteem and affection in which the aged couple is held by their fellow-deaf, and it was also a most graceful and thoughtful act on their part. Praise be to them. Mr. Eakins, who has spent the greater part of his lifetime as a merchant tailor is still busy with the needle,

THE SILENT WORKER

although he will be seventy-four years old next April 15th. His good helpmate is just past seventy-two. The couple have two married daughters. They are two of the most respected deaf persons in Pennsylvania and we are proud of them and hope that they will be spared much longer.

MRS. REED'S NIGHT SCHOOL

Mrs. Reed's school opened Thursday, February 19th, with fifteen pupils and after three nights now has twenty five pupils and more are coming. She says: "It is such a pleasure to teach them



HYPATIA BOYD REED

I have three classes, lip-readers and hard-of-hearing, the deaf, then the foreigners, one of whom wants to become an American citizen. The school meets Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 7.30 to 9.30 P.M. I leave home at 6 P.M., get there a little to seven and get the lessons on the blackboard. I get home at ten-thirty or a quarter to eleven o'clock. My heart is in the work and it means so much for the deaf who work during the day and I am so glad I succeeded in my efforts in having the school opened. I was so surprised when our very first deaf visitor most unexpectedly proved to be my former classmate and fellow graduate at the deaf school—Henry B. Plunketts, president of the local branch of the N. F. S. D.

She says:

"With pardonable pride I recall the various steps whereby I toiled to gain an education."

"When I was six and a half my sisters, brother and myself were stricken with scarlet fever. My sisters died, my brother recovered. I, too, became well again, but was left handicapped by total deafness.

Attended University of Wisconsin

"From the Milwaukee day school for the deaf I was encouraged by Mr. Blimmer and R. C. Spencer to enter the East Side high school in classes with hearing pupils. Later I entered the new South Division high school, graduating with the class of 1895. Mrs. Charles K. Adams, wife of President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, encouraged me to enter the university."

The following clipping appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel of March 1st.

"All is, if I have the grace to use it so, as ever in my my great Taskmaster's eye."—Milton

Thus spoke Hypatia Boyd Reed, instructor of the deaf in Milwaukee, when she was asked what prompted her to organize Milwaukee's new public school for adult deaf, which is located at the Four-

teenth and Gallena Street social centre.

"It is the cause which lies nearest my heart, the cause of my deaf brethren and sisters, and because they would benefit thereby, I have worked hard to establish the school," she said.

"It was after I had tried teaching in my own home last summer that I dreamed of a public night school for adult deaf. The plan took definite shape when a deaf foreigner came to see me. The foreigner was anxious to learn English in order to become an American citizen. The school meets Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 7.30 to 9.30 P.M. I leave home at floor of the school. On the opening night there was an enrollment of fifteen and by the third meeting the enrollment had gone up to twenty-three. The studies are lip-reading, dictation, spelling, English composition, American history, literature and stories.

"I tried and succeeded and today that school means much to these people. It has given them happiness and success."

The class meets on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 7.30 to 9.30 P.M. I leave home at floor of the school. On the opening night there was an enrollment of fifteen and by the third meeting the enrollment had gone up to twenty-three. The studies are lip-reading, dictation, spelling, English composition, American history, literature and stories.

There are two sections in the class. The deaf pupils are taught through the medium of the manual alphabet or finger spelling, the sign language and written work. Stories are given in the sign language, lip-reading being a strain on the eyes unless one is fortunate enough to have a front seat.

The sign language is very visible and easily understood, according to Mrs. Reed. The manual or finger alphabet permits the use of English as it is spoken or written.

"The more books, magazines and newspapers the deaf read, the better their vocabulary becomes," Mrs. Reed said, "and in proportion they gain a good command of English, whether spoken or written."

"In my youthful days I often walked four miles to the main public library and home again with my arms full of books. To encourage in the deaf a love of books, is to put their hands on the magic key which opens the door to an indescribably wonderful and beautiful world."

"My class of lip-readers is making pleasing progress. They have become used to my lips and can understand me even when I hold a book half over my mouth, thus concealing half of my lips. They can also read each other's lips."

A COMMENCEMENT INTERLUDE



ALL COMMENCEMENTS are solemn to the seniors, wonderful to the freshmen, and pretty much of a muchness to the faculty. But the other day, in the midst of a quite proper and cheerful, if unostentatious commencement at Illinois College, a few words by the President made the occasion unforgettable to many.

The speaker of the day had finished his address. The certificates and diplomas had been awarded and only the conferring of degrees on the college seniors remained.

Dr. Harker called the class to the platform, and the girls looking very scholarly in cap and gown, stood where all could see. There was a pause. Before bestowing the parchments it seemed the President would indulge in a bit of reminiscence. "Many years ago," he said (he is not so very old, though he has been at the Woman's College long enough to receive into it daughters of his former students) "a young man came to the State School for the Deaf in this town. By and by he heard his call to the Christian ministry, and I had some share in giving his first credentials."

"He married a young woman who also was deprived of the gift of speech. They began a work and affection for the deaf-mutes of the Middle West until now Brother Hasenstab is called the Bishop of the Deaf."

"When their first child was born, they determined that in due time she should come to the Woman's College, and so, also, they purposed as to the other three daughters who came to bless their home. It was a dream not easy to be realized, as you may guess."

"This morning it is my very great joy to confer upon that first daughter the degree of Bachelor of Arts, while at this moment the second daughter, also a student in the college, sits in the audience interpreting my words to that devoted father and mother. And the younger girls are rapidly getting ready for their college days!"

One observer had seen part of the little drama in progress, the freshman daughter with graceful swift motions translating the proceedings for her parents, and they, all flushed with pride and thankfulness, following every word with their eager eyes. It needed but the few simple words of President Harker to call up in every mind the picture of an unusual minister's home—the pastor-father absent on long journeys in the care of his wide scattered flock; the mother, silent but capable and wise; and the daughters, winning through the schools to college; and this day the

GRACE HASENSTAB
Daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hasenstab

sweet first fruits of long patience and mutual helpfulness.

Nothing much, perhaps; but the incident gave the commencement peculiar and new beauty; it puts a bit of fresh warmth into every body's heart. —From the Epworth Herald of June 21, 1919.

Dr. and Mrs. Hasenstab are blessed with four bright and lovely daughters named Grace, Constance, Beatrice, and Joyce. Grace is a Social Service Field Worker for the deaf under the State Department of Public Welfare. She has been doing splendid work since she was appointed last September; and her monthly reports which she hands to the Department have been accepted as very satisfactory. She continues to inquire into the conditions of the deaf in the State of Illinois. She will gratefully receive any information or suggestion in order to facilitate her service better than otherwise. Constance is in the Junior Class. Beatrice will follow her there next fall.

Speaking of "the widely scattered flock," I wish to say that Dr. Hasenstab and his assistant Rev. Mr. Rutherford have been conducting services at over fifty towns in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin every month for many years, but the former returns in time to preach here Sundays mostly. They have married fifty or more couples within twenty-five years.

The members of the Epworth League hold their prayer meeting every Sunday from 4.30 to 5.30 o'clock P.M. and seem to be greatly interested in their devotional topics. God bless them. The writer is very fortunate in obtaining the beautiful picture of Grace for the Silent Worker.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.

One day a thief was brought up before the judge for stealing a bag of coal. When asked what he had done it for, he answered: "Oh, just for a joke." He was then asked how far he carried it. "Two miles," he replied. "That was carrying the joke too far," replied the judge. "Sixty days."

STRAY STRAWS

By E. FLORENCE LONG



APRIL is the last month holding the R of festive oyster which reminds me of a bit of original free verse by a charming deaf girl from quaint old Philadelphia. With dainty fingers she stirs some

OYSTER STEW

A thick white bowl, within,
Milk rimmed with a golden band
Of melted butter.
I stir a tin spoon
In the mysterious depth—
Oysters, like shriveled old men
With fat quivery stomachs
Come to the surface.
One more stir—
A salmon colored dweller of the sea
Floats—
It's white claws sticking out, lifeless—
Ugh!

Oysters put me in mind of the tasty Periwinkle—a marine shellfish skin to our common garden variety of snail—which I ate after much persuasion in a northern seaport of Ireland. The periwinkles are washed and thrown into a kettle of boiling water and after a few minutes boiling are ready to be eaten. Then with a large pin the meat is picked out of the shells and eaten the same way that nuts are picked and eaten. And the meat of the periwinkle has a delicious salted-nut flavor which makes one devour the dainty thing by the quart measure.

In my leisurely zigzag journey homeward from New York, I have many pleasant memories of the friends who entertained me along the way. The Sanders family, in Philadelphia; the Drake family, in Washington; the Misses Edgar and Lamson with Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, in Columbus, Ohio; Miss Kinsley with Mr. and Mrs. Bierhaus, in Indianapolis, Indiana, are all remembered often in this connection.

Miss Bessie Edgar and her hearing sister keep "bachelor-girls" hall by themselves in the charming old home that has been in the family before they were born. Miss Edgar is the "man of the house" and earns the living teaching the deaf while the older sister looks after the house and keeps up the home atmosphere for them both. It is, indeed, a restful home with plenty of books and magazines to read. Miss Edgar was a teacher in the public schools of Columbus several years before losing her hearing and then she took up the work of teaching the deaf in the State School there. She is an enthusiastic teacher and has taken to signs with all the avidity of a duck to water. At home, however, she reads the lips of her sister like a book and they converse by word of mouth entirely. But she does not have that success at lip-reading with everybody else as it would be lovely to believe. No two people have the same lip-motion in speaking and therein lies the difficulty in successful lip-reading. It even seems that good lip-readers are born not made just the same as great singers and musicians are born and not made talented. The best training of all our expert lip-readers among the deaf has always been acquired at home where wise members of the family have early started the deaf one in the habit of watching the lips to make out the spoken words.

Mrs. Bierhaus, in Indianapolis, makes another such example of a first class lip-reader brought up that way by the home-folks. She and Mr. Bierhaus were graduated from the Indiana school before any oral work was done there. Mr. Bierhaus can read the lips after a fashion, but not half as well as Mrs. B—though he is also a semi-mute. Those two make an ideal deaf couple—

Darby and Joan—in Indianapolis and their cozy home is a most hospitable one.

While visiting the lovely Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf I was introduced to one of the lady residents (the old people are all residents of the Home) who is a native Hoosier. She is a widow about eighty years old and tall with attractive white hair and blue eyes. She has a family of five grown up children but sensibly



A pretty Iowa deaf mother and child. Mrs. Raymond Stillman, nee Florence Helts and baby daughter Susan Rollins, 7½ months old, Waterloo, Iowa.

refuses to live with any of them and, so they see that she is comfortably fixed at the Home where she has peace and quiet. That is as it should be, for most old old people can never be happily transplanted from their own homes into the homes of their children.

But the deaf of Indiana should not let their aged deaf go outside of their state for a Home, even if it is such an attractive place as the Ohio Home. They should all forget petty selfishness and disagreements to unite whole-heartedly in the great undertaking of building a Home for their own aged deaf people. The land and most of the money for the purpose is already at hand, but the curse of the Tower of Babel seems to have descended on some of the would-be builders, or those who do not wish to help build without having their own way in everything. And now is the time to build, for the cost of building will climb higher next year, and the year after, and will never come down again.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea!"

The children of deaf parents all over the United States seem to possess all the charms of good looks and bright minds as can readily be seen from the picture of them appearing now and then in the Silent Worker.

Iowa produces fine corn and as fine children. A picture of one of the latest Iowa babies, Susan Rollins Stillman, taken with her pretty deaf

mother, Mrs. Raymond Stillman, nee Florence Helts, can be taken as proof of that assertion. And those children of deaf parents seem to hear with their eyes as well as their ears because the use of signs with their parents tend to sharpen their wits and the use of finger spelling at home makes them the best spellers in the public schools.

There seem to be a dearth of men teachers in the Public Schools as well as in the Schools for the Deaf now. Men who have entered the profession of teaching were drawn to it more or less by love for the work and must almost starve with salaries lower than prize-fighters or even janitors of big apartment houses receive now. Waiters in big hotels can draw more money per month than teachers now and the potato peelers can also take the cake that way. The H. C. L. is driving the younger generation of would-be professors into commercial and industrial life where they can get enough money to pay the "butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker" and have something left for recreation and the proverbial "rainy day."

Schools need men teachers however good the women may be. Both are needed. Women can give what men cannot and vice versa. But the right kind are about as plentiful as hens' teeth these days.

The deaf are used to being misunderstood by hearing people and it is just to laugh.

Here is an illustration:

A very bright young deaf girl had finished her education at Gallaudet College and was home during the summer vacation before taking up the work of teaching. She was sitting out on the porch reading an interesting book one afternoon. The family was all on the porch also and an old neighbor—a gentleman of erudition who knew about the young deaf girl's education—was calling on them. When he got up to go he asked to look at the book which the deaf girl was reading. Looking it over he exclaimed in amazement, "Why she reads the same kind of a printed book that we all do."

Ye Gods and little fishes!—What next?

At Gallaudet College the girls' basketball team was cavorting around and going through their best stunts in the gymnasium one evening. The Dean, Miss Peet, had a hearing lady friend from the city looking on with her. This lady stared in unfeigned surprise—"and are all these girls deaf," she finally asked incredulously. "Oh yes: They are all students," said Miss Peet.

"How can they play then? How can they do it?" she asked in surprise.

—Ah, well what's the use!

ONLY SEVEN SUPERINTENDENTS.

During its 65 years of existence this school (the Iowa School for the Deaf) has had seven superintendents and the administration of Supt. Rothert alone has covered as much as the combined terms of all preceding superintendents. Those have been as follows: W. E. Ijams, 1855-63; Benjamin Talbot, 1863-78; Moses Folsom, 1878-80; Rev. Alonzo Rogers, 1880-83; H. C. Hammond, 1883-86; G. L. Wyckoff, 1886-87; Henry W. Rothert, 1887-1919.

W. E. Ijams had to withdraw because of ill health and did not long survive his retirement. Mr. Talbot resigned and became a teacher in the Ohio School, and there continued until the time of his death several years ago. Mr. Folsom, at an advanced age, is still active and is at present the secretary of the Florida State Publicity Bureau. Rev. Alonzo Rogers went west after his retirement and re-entered the ministry. Mr. Hammond is living with his daughter. Mr. Wyckoff died of heart failure after his retirement as principal.—*The Deaf Hawkeye.*

N A D F R A T I T I E S

By J. F. MEAGHER

"FLU"

Oh! What can a poor poet do
When he is afflicted with "flu"
And Porter writes "Please
Rush your copy, old cheese?"
(Note—Fifty thousand thanks for the best last line to
this limerick. The five best responses will be printed on
this page later. Send all last lines to the author, 1447
West Adams Street, Chicago, not later than April 15th.)

THE "FLU" killed eight Fraters in three weeks recently. No sooner did I get it than I paid up back dues and a full year in advance. Reminds one of the old rhyme:

"God and the doctor we alike adore
Just on the brink of danger—not before:
The danger past, both are alike required
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted."

Grand headquarters should give an estimate of the number of members whose death claims last year were unpaid by reason of non-payment of dues. I've been preaching payment in these columns for ages, and yet almost got caught in the spider's web myself.

Two of the Frat headquarters force were themselves down with the dread malady at one time—right in the busiest season. If this keeps up we deaf will have to adopt a new college yell—given with one sneeze.

Don't have to be orally-educated to do that.

In the February 28th issue of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, circulation half a million, Arthur Brisbane—the highest paid editorial writer in the world—in a discourse on the probable origin of speech has this to say:

Neither science nor theology in modern times believes that language came fully developed. We know that it is all imitation and teaching. An experiment has been made, keeping a child isolated where it heard no voice. It never uttered a word, could not even express itself in sound as well as a dog, for dogs hear others bark and whine. Those born "deaf and dumb" are not really born dumb, only deaf. They are dumb because, not hearing language, they cannot use it.

One of the school papers (once upon a time a really readable little sheet) recently tucked away in an obscure corner of an inside page, an account of how General Pershing, reviewing the army post near the school, January 18, noticed a group of the pupils and stepping over gave each a hearty handshake, then talking a pencil and pad from his pocket wrote and handed the smallest of the children this tribute: "I love you very much. John J. Pershing."

Wow! What a chance for a deathless front-page spread, modeled on "the bravest are the tenderest" theory.

Yet teachers wonder why alumni evince little interest in the average school paper, filled with hackneyed clippings from exchanges.

But how can a Board of Control expect to secure or retain really capable men when a week's wages in nearly any large city is nearly equal to a month's salary on the teaching force? Here in Chicago job printers receive \$46 a week, newspaper printers \$52 days, \$56 nights, while school printers' monthly salaries average under \$55.

C. C. C. is back in civilization.

The initials stand for Chester C. Codman, the leader of the Pas-a-Pas club of Chicago when that organization was the greatest in deafdom; when it stood for power and prestige in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the deaf. Codman, Gibson, Dougherty, Gallagher, Frank, Regensburg—these were once names to conjure with. Today, save for Gibson, the deaf of America seldom if ever hear of them.

"Sic transit georia mundi."

C. C. C. suddenly left Chicago ten years ago this spring, took a homestead in Montana, and proved up. Today his holdings in the West are worth many thousand dollars.

But it is a lonely life; particularly so for the great of intellect, the thinkers, the dreamers, the doers. So "Coddy" has leased his ranch on shares and come back to civilization, to that Mecca of deafdom—Akron.

Codman, the well advanced in years, secured work at Goodyear in his old trade, toolmaking. The first month, with plenty of overtime, he made \$245.80!

There is a great field for young and old in Akron—IF one has the knack as a born worker. Loafers, shirkers, lazybones, and poets will please stay away, however.

Many years ago that glorious old coterie, "Coddy" acting as chairman, gave a ball to raise funds for athletic equipment for the deaf. This

A PORTRAIT CORRECTION



S. T. WALKER

In our last number we got the Walker cuts a little mixed, making Mr. S. T. Walker look like another person, hence the correction above.

was put off and put off, and finally "Coddy" went Westward with the \$20 realized from the ball.

When he struck Chicago on his way to Akron "Coddy" dropped in on the splendid quarters of the Silent Athletic club. Without a word he turned over the \$20 to the chairman, adding \$5 of his own as a gift.

Splendid spirit of fairness, isn't it?

Talking about "the public's well-known and highly reliable lack of gratitude," as Arthur Brisbane aptly puts it, in these days when the lions of yesteryear are not even memories in the recollection of the younger deaf-generation, it did my heart good to see several of the young ladies warmly and appreciatingly discussing Codman at the annual Home Fund picnic, Labor Day. This project for a home was originated with "Coddy" years back, though few if any remember the fact.

If anyone will recall my good deeds ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence, this life will not have been in vain.

Lives of great deaf men remind me
Folks will question, by and by,
When my fame is left behind me,
"Who wuz that there Jimmie guy?"

This year's Home Fund picnic broke the record for net profit when chairman LaMotte reported \$699.93. The attendance was 793.

"Pep," a splendid magazine for newswriters, in its suspending issue last November, had this item on the page of "hunches" for reporters:

"The Firestone rubber company of Akron has written the word 'welcome' on its doormat for the 'non-speaking deaf' to read. The company says that mutes make good employees if pains are taken by foreman to give them a chance. Do the factories of your town welcome this type of worker?"

It would be a capital idea if every shop having several deaf workmen could enlist the aid of the firms publicity man to give a write-up of their ability to the public press. "Press is power," as Anton Schroeder of St. Paul is fond of stating.

It is sad but true that practically none of the glittering galaxy of Akron silents seem to care to write for publication, not even in the columns of "The Frat." One or two write for the Journal, off and on—mostly off—but as a whole they are all tired out after a day's shift. Can't blame them, having been through it myself. While in Akron I had a half-column twice a week in Akron's leading daily paper as a regular feature, probably the only similar case in the country. On leaving Akron I tried in vain to get someone to keep up the good work: all the brainy deaf men shied at the chance.

Before starting this innovation the Akron deaf had been discussing the chances of starting a weekly paper of their own, patterned after the Los Angeles Frat. With some 500 silents in the city I expected a tremendous subscription to the Beacon-Journal, seeing they would be practically getting their own news free, in addition to the latest daily news. Alas for lofty aspirations, after months of entreaty and persuasion, out of some 500 deaf there I was able to secure but four solitary subscriptions to the paper. Yes, four, count 'em, four.

No; it will be a long time before the deaf of Akron—or of any other locality—will support an independent paper. They are first-class borrowers, and rejoice to see their names in print; but PAY for it? Fat chance!

My silent friends in Akron
Earned five to ten per day,
They daily spent their five or ten
In manner blithe and gay;
I wrote their joys and triumphs down
Which same were printed all round town
But when I asked for subs—no joke—
Those Akron silents all seemed broke.

There are 277 members of the N. A. D. club in Detroit, preparing for a great convention next August. Are you going? If not, why not?

J. A. Sullivan, Gallaudet '17, abandoned his law studies at Yale and is taking a night course at George Washington university, working in the War Risk bureau during the day. Hetzler, '19, is pursuing an advanced course in chemistry at Johns Hopkins.

Some years ago the Annals accepted an article of ours listing over a dozen authentic cases of deaf men and women winning distinction in hearing colleges and universities. The pity of it is so few, if any, of the younger generation possessing each educational advantages evince any practical interest in the welfare of their fellow deaf. Aside from Roberts and MacFarlane, can you name a single collegian who comes anywhere up to the mark set by the "Old Guard"—Reggy, Veditz, McGregor, Dougherty, Hanson, Howard, Hodgson, etc., all?

"Oh, lucky it is that the world ne'er knows
The silent but awful remark
That over the deaf-mutes' fingers flows
When he steps on a tack in the dark."—Life.

Wonder What a Divinity Student Thinks About

By HENRY J. PULVER



By Way of Introduction

HIR-R-R! the alarm clock on one of the mantles in one of the several million American homes has commenced its morning serenade. Bang! A pillow propelled by a brawny arm sails thru the air and gently removes said alarm clock from said mantle in said home and conveys it to the floor, where, after a few feeble murmurs of protest it is counted out. Deep silence.

It is six, or seven, or eight o'clock. If the action described in the paragraph directly above this one takes place in the home of a Bishop, or a trust magnate or a college president, it is a painful six. If it ensues in the dwelling of a cop or of a divinity student it is an uncomfortable seven. But if it occurs in the manor-house of one of the down-trodden proletariat, it is an easy eight, perhaps a bolshevik nine or ten.

As we were saying, an alarm clock gets busy. After the flight of sundry golden moments a masculine hand painfully and dejectedly pries open a masculine right eyelid. Perhaps it is a left eyelid. Anyway, it is an eyelid. That must be distinctly understood before we can proceed. It must also be borne in mind that the eyelid is masculine, for this tale is of the masculine gender.

After the elapse of several more golden moments, the eyelid aforementioned makes up its mind to remain open. The owner of the eyelid by means of assiduous effort succeeds in disentangling his legs which have in some unaccountable fashion wrapped themselves fondly about the bed-post—and gone to sleep. The next few moments are occupied with frantic efforts to restore his feet to the *status quo ante*. Having re-established telegraphic, or telepathic, relations, the feet are used to kick the bed-clothes onto the floor. Our hero yawns twice, and rolls out. He is up.

We will not follow our victim in his arduous search for that missing shoe, or crawl with him under the bath-tub in pursuit of that migratory collar-button, or partake with him in his verbal estimate of the wisdom of that dear sister, or wife or maiden-aunt who has playfully conveyed his favorite cravat to parts unknown. It suffices to say that, after various vicissitudes and physical culture, he eventually arrives at the breakfast table.

The Plot Thickens

We refuse to describe the breakfast. Our feelings are unequal to the strain. Since the price of bacon has gone up to eighty cents a pound and pancakes to twenty cents a throw breakfasts have ceased to interest us. However, whilst consuming the main item of the breakfast, our victim sees the morning paper. He reaches for it.

Passing over the sporting page and the editorial section and advice to the Lovelorn and How to Build an Easter Hat, we arrive eventually at the Comics. If this paper is the one I read or is one of the thousands of morning papers which subscribe to some pictorial service there will be in it a cartoon by Clare Briggs, entitled "Wonder What an Engaged Girl Thinks About," or "Wonder What a Cigar-Store Indian Thinks About."

We now come to the beginning of our tale, whose predominating motive is a heavy sense of injustice, which, in turn, arises from a settled conviction that divinity students are not properly appreciated. We have waited with bated breath for Mr. Briggs to tell what a divinity student thinks about, and have borne uncomplainingly disappointment after disappointment. The suspense has become unendurable. We are resolved to have no more of it. So we have determined to tell the sympathetic readers of the

SILENT WORKER, once, for all, what a divinity student thinks about.

Concerning The Hero

The hero of this tale (this being a masculine tale, needs must possess a hero) had no intention of becoming a divinity student when he bade a fond farewell to the Halls of Gallaudet back in 1917. He was possessed of a brand new sheepskin; also, of a desire to see the world. He believed he could teach. He still believes he can teach. But, as is true of the rest of us, his viewpoint altered with time. The upshot of two years' experience as a teacher in the Alabama School was a conviction that the teaching



Photo by H. J. P.

WHAT A DIVINITY STUDENT LOOKS LIKE—MOST OF THE TIME

profession was not broad enough to contain him and his aspirations. This, together with the gradual alteration in his spiritual outlook which had come about meanwhile induced him to turn to the ministry as a field in which he could be of greater service.

We now arrive at Philadelphia, and the first person-singular. During the summer it was arranged thru the kind offices of the Rev. Merrill and Dantzer that I should enter the Philadelphia Divinity school and secure practical experience in pastoral work by serving as Lay-Reader to Rev. Dantzer. Thus it was that one morning, late in September, I found myself in the reception-room of the Divinity School.

First Impressions—Mostly Unpleasant

Enter: Tall youth, wearing a black cravat and a melancholy expression. He looked like some prominent undertaker. Later, I discovered he was the head waiter, and that the school eatery was a tipless establishment hence, the expression. Exit Same youth.

Enter: Matron, a maiden lady, much the worse for wear, and with a "Don't talk back to me" sign writ in large letters all over her countenance. (Subsequently, I learned, from the other students, to call her "Julia"—almost affectionately—and to shut off her heat on cold days.) She asked me what I wanted. I replied, in my most winning tones that I fain would interview the Dean, if he were in a mood to be interviewed, and intimated that unless I was accorded

this joy, the light of my life would go out. Being in a mood for polite conversation, I added that, unless forcibly restrained therefrom by the polite, I intended to become a student at the school. She said I had made a mistake, and that I was in the wrong place and that the School for the Deaf was in Mt. Airy—also that the Prohibition Laws were not being properly enforced. I saw that the dear lady did not understand. Alas! 'Tis long been my sad lot to be misunderstood—especially by women! This I have tried to overcome, but it has been no go. As I made no effort to obliterate myself from the scene, the gentle lady proceeded to concentrate upon me a glance that approximated the melting point of steel. I was slowly sizzling, and shriveling up within myself, and feeling that I was going away from there very soon—in a hearse, when the Dean arrived and saved my remains from further mutilation.

Concerning Humor And Other Things

Hitherto I have assayed to follow my natural inclinations and treat life humorously. But I now perceive I have made a mistake. It is not enough to be merely humorous any more. In addition, one must expose his secret mental processes to the pitiless gaze of an unappreciative public. Besides the labor of writing something funny, the budding humorist must vivisection it, and like an agent for a vacuum cleaner or a lawn-mower, discourse, patiently, and at length, upon its many excellences. This is too much! Besides, people do not expect a divinity student to be humorous. It shocks their moral senses, and destroys their belief in the eternal fitness of things—just as would be the case, were the iron dog on the front lawn to wag its tail and stroll down the street. It simply is not done! For generations, divinity students, clergymen, and others engaged in religious work have been classed with undertakers, butlers, and headwaiters. People do not want them to be funny. They are expected to be sad, as a matter of course. The idea has been dinned, so frequently and insistently into people's heads that it is now part of public opinion. Public Opinion is an ancient and honorable institution. I shall not change it. Henceforth I shall do what is expected of me—and be sad, only more so. *Hic Jacet.*

Upon the Education of a White Elephant

I had not been here long before the professors commenced to worry. They felt they had a white elephant upon their hands—a white and very woolly one. As they had not made a special study upon the education of pachyderms—especially white ones, they felt they were going to be busy—very busy, from then on. The big question, from the first, was *how* to teach me.

Here, as in the case in all colleges for the hearing, instruction is by means of oral lectures. Naturally, this system is ideal for normal students. The professors do all the heavy work. They "dig" the facts out of the books, and present them to their students in an easily assimilated form. Whilst listening to a lecture, the student can keep his eyes on his notebook, and jot down his impressions from time to time.

Obviously, the lecture system would not do in my case. "Lip-reading!" pipes out a young and enthusiastic oralist. Not a bit of it! As concerns college lectures, lip-reading is a sweet—but delusive—dream. I never knew, and never expect to know a lip-reader capable of following the usual run of college lectures, bristling, as they do, with foreign words, Art and scientific terms, and unfamiliar geographical and historical names. Add the fact that many college professors rip out their words with the speed of a

gatling-gun, and the matter passes beyond dispute; lip-reading becomes—not infeasible, but *impossible*.

For sometime I groped about rather aimlessly, until I hit upon a plan of borrowing the lecture-notes of fellow-students. These, however, I soon found unreliable. Very often the student whose notes I used would miss the very point the instructor aimed to impress upon us. Now, in order to be reasonably certain I am getting the "meat" of each lecture, I am obliged to use the notes of four or five different students, and needs must spend half my time in correcting their mistakes. Occasionally the professors lend me their own notes. During lectures I study some book dealing with the topic at hand. I am given numerous themes to write and have to burrow patiently into the dust of ancient—and tiresome—volumes for my material. Frequently I am asked to give a digest of some previous lecture, without recourse to my notes. Taken altogether, I do considerably more work than my fellows, but at the same time I get a more thorough grasp of my subjects than they do. The result, however, is to keep me at work for many more hours per day than is generally considered healthful by Bolsheviks. But it's a great life—if you don't weaken.

Life in a theological seminary differs in no wise from life in the average college or university. It is, if anything, freer. No restrictions are placed upon one's comings and goings. It is every man for himself. Each is given the fullest opportunity to develop along the line of his own individuality. It is a pleasant life—and a helpful life. One is not harrassed by the petty rules met with in the average small college, and which make you feel as tight-laced and uncomfortable as Madame Petrova in one of her wasp-waisted gowns. Such rules as there are, are made by the students themselves—and are never broken. A divinity student, therefore, is thrown almost wholly upon his own responsibility and initiative. What there is in him is bound to come out. Sometimes, indeed, much that is bad and unworthy is revealed. But more often still, the process draws out the big and noble qualities inherent in every real man. This is the way clergymen are made.

The only fly in the theological ointment is the examinations. I will not afflict my tender-hearted, maiden-lady readers with all the harrowing details, or what a narrow escape I had from being flayed alive by a certain professor. It will suffice to say that Divinity School exams are *hard*. In all probability I would not now be alive to narrate this tale, had I not been parboiled and rendered invulnerable, previously, by contact with one of Dr. Hotchkiss' justly famous Logic examinations. Never before have I so admired Dr. Hotchkiss—and his examinations.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks

Not infrequently we cross in the public press accounts of deaf young men and women who are students at higher educational institutions for the hearing. These accounts are usually written by "cub" reporters, and sentimental lady journalists, who allow their inventive faculties to play "bob" with their common sense. They gush and breathe words of wonder, as if they were describing a miracle. It should not be a cause for pop-eyed wonder that deaf young men and women have enough intelligence to enter the city college or the state "U." It has been done so often as to become rather monotonous. Old stuff! However, in connection with the above cases, it is often claimed, either by the deaf principal in the drama, or by the aspiring journalist, that "deafness makes no difference," or "they do not notice my deafness." Such statements need revision—because some people believe them.

Getting down to brass tacks—deafness does make a difference—a mighty big difference, and the sooner the deaf student realizes the fact the better it will be for him. I outlined in a previous paragraph the difficulties that beset me in regard to lectures, and the additional work I am compelled to do on account of my deafness. In the matter of lecture-notes, the deaf student is wholly dependent upon his fellows, as a

result of which he can never feel really independent, or the success he attains is due solely to his merits as a student. He may be accepted as one of the gang, form warm friendships with his fellow-students, and take an active part in the social life of his school—as in my case. But way down in his "inards" he feels he is a "clinging vine." He knows he is different from the others, and does not fit perfectly into his environment. Against him Nature has reared up certain barriers, which he cannot pass. Above all, he misses the intimate, personal contact with his professors which is such a pleasant—and beneficent part of undergraduate life at Gallaudet.

Propaganda

From the first, I have regarded myself as a propagandist—for the Deaf. I have endeavored to remove false prejudices and present the real facts about the Deaf. In my talks with the students, I tell the truth about the Deaf—their intellectual and business achievements—their status in the community—and the fact that with the exception of their lack of hearing, they do not differ from other people. I have interested them in the Manual Alphabet and Sign Language. This was not difficult. They were anxious to learn. They consider it a distinct accomplishment to be able to spell out their thoughts on their fingers. In the dining-room they like to use the sign-names for food. Now these young men, when they finish their studies here, will be scattered thruout the country, in pastoral charges. They will be prominent in the religious and social life of the communities in which they serve. As clergymen, their opinions will carry weight. They will *understand* the deaf and will be able to combat successfully misguided public opinion.

The Ministry—and The Deaf

The outlook for the future of the Deaf Ministry seems pessimistic. Nearly all the men who are at present engaged in the work are well along in years. Some of these are not doing as much as they might. The older generation is slowly dropping out of line, and there are no reserves to fill up the gaps. New blood—*young* blood is needed, and *young* men, with the necessary qualifications are not offering themselves to the work of the Christian Ministry. Shall it be said that the great work inaugurated by Rev. Syle and other noble labourers in the vine-yard of the Lord shall fail because there are not among the deaf young men of today any who are able or willing to dedicate themselves to the great work?

As to some of the arguments I have seen advanced against the ministry:

1. The educational requirements are too high.

In my (the Protestant Episcopal) Church the minimum preparation demanded is a Baccalaureate Degree in Arts, followed by three years of advanced theological study. In the other church politics, notably, the Baptist, the requirements are much lower. A Gallaudet man should have no difficulty in meeting them, in any case. In some instances a non-college can "get in" by extra study.

2. The Ministry does not pay enough.

Men do not go into the ministry to make money, but to serve god. The ministry gives a man a living; no one has a right to demand more than that.

3. A clergyman has no fun. This raises the question of what "fun" means. A clergyman has *clean* fun. A *clean* man needs no other kind.

The world and this life have much to give—and much to win. Many things we struggle for here—and die for—are small, and unworthy of the effort. But there is also much that has been given men to strive for, and for the winning of which *someone* has promised a reward. And of these, the tasks of the ministry are the chief. Than the ministry, there is no work that taxes a man's intelligence and energies more—no work in which the interest for self is less or the opportunities for *service* to one's fellow-men are more. It is the only work that is bigger than yourself—the only work you can never catch up with, or outgrow.

This article was commenced with no definite plan. It has been allowed to shape itself. I have recorded

my impressions in the order in which they occurred to me. This has resulted in somewhat bedraggled appearance. This I do not condone—or excuse. My aim has been to tell what a Divinity Student thinks about. This object having been attained, the present article, in the natural course of events, comes to an end.

FOR THE N. A. D.



HALLOWEEN SOCIAL COMMITTEE, DETROIT

Right to left Mrs. W. Rheiner (chairman), Mrs. J. Ulrich, Miss Garnet, Mrs. R. McLachlan, Mrs. C. C. Colby, Mrs. C. Sadosky, Miss Donohue, Mrs. Reidinger, (absent) Mrs. R. Rollins and Miss V. Colby.

A successful drive for the big N. A. D. convention to be held in Detroit on August 9-14, 1920, has been and is still in full swing as shown in this picture. This halloween social was a big success which was led by our hard worker, Lieut. Mrs. W. Rheimer, and was ably assisted by the committee. The D. A. D. Hall on 176 Jefferson Ave. E., in which the social was held, was beautifully decorated in yellow and black trimmings. Detroit Local N. A. D. convention committee is well supported by other Michigan cities, such as Flint, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Lansing. They have already netted nearly \$3,000, while about \$1,000 is yet to be added for the convention expenditures. It will no doubt be the biggest ever held, so don't miss it. Remember the date, August 9-14, 1920. More particulars will be announced later.

JOHN ULRICH.

MUELLER FOR SHERIFF

The arrest of J. H. Mueller on a charge of being implicated in the death of a young lady who was murdered in Louisville, Ky., proves to have been a blunder. At a hearing Mr. Mueller easily established an alibi. He was arrested when some busybody sent "information" to the Louisville police. Evidently the people of Louisville are inclined to put his arrest as a symptom of the inefficiency of the police department of that city. The following is from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"When the attaches of the Police Court entered the room this morning, it was found that some one had erased the blackboard which was used in the Mueller trial, and instead of the queries which had been written upon it near the end of yesterday's session, there appeared the inscription: 'Mueller for Mayor'."

"The inference is that it is better for some people to have a mute for Mayor than one who can talk and who occasionally gets into ticklish subject."

"We take issue with the man who started the Mueller boom for Mayor."

"We are for Mueller for Sheriff."

REAPPEARANCE OF THE HALIFAX "SCHOOL NEWS."

The (Halifax, Nova Scotia,) *School News* has taken its place again among our exchanges after an enforced absence of two years having been put out of business by the great explosion of December 6, 1917.

The present number contains quite a unique account of the disaster, written by Jean Venoit, one of the deaf-blind pupils of the School.

There are, at present, 106 pupils in the Halifax School. Owing to the closing of the New Brunswick School for the Deaf, all the pupils of that Province are now at Halifax.

Country Judge—Ten dollars.
Motorist—Can you change a twenty dollar bill?
Judge—No, but I can change the fine. Twenty dollars.

A NEW PREPARATORY SCHOOL

There are many state schools which do not offer a course to prepare young men and women for Gallaudet College. There are also many bright young people, both in schools that offer such a course and in those that do not, who are not financially able to enter college. Therefore we are desirous of seeing a course established in the Goodyear Institute that will enable these students to come here to prepare for college and at the same time earn money for their expenses there.

We believe that it will be beneficial for all concerned if such a course is started for the following reasons:

First. It will help the deserving deaf to acquire a college education.

Second. It will benefit the Company because a college graduate or even a person with a few years of college training will be of more value to the Company than one without such training. Graduates of our proposed preparatory class who enter Gallaudet College will naturally return to the Goodyear during their vacations. When they complete the college course, they will undoubtedly come here to locate permanently. Also, having so much for which to be grateful to the Goodyear, they will advise their friends of the advantages of working for that company.

For admission to Gallaudet College candidates are required to successfully pass examinations in the following subjects:

"Students may be admitted to the Preparatory class upon certificate from approved schools that the prescribed requirements in Arithmetic, English History, American History, and Elementary Physics have been fully met, and upon passing tests by the College Faculty in Algebra, Reading, and Grammar."

Only Algebra, Reading, Composition, and Grammar will be taught in the Goodyear Institute course. Therefore, students must present certificates from their superintendents showing that the college requirements in the other four subjects have been met.

In order to enable our preparatory students to take the course we believe it will be necessary to place them on the first shift (7 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.) permanently. We will have to figure on a forty weeks' period for the course, ten hours a week. Placing the students on the first shift appears to be the most satisfactory arrangement.

There are many alumni and ex-students of Gallaudet working for the Goodyear. It is proposed that when a candidate for our preparatory class comes to Akron, some one among the alumni or ex-students be assigned to that candidate as his advisor. The advisor will play the part of "Big Brother" to this candidate and encourage him in his work and studies.

Candidates for Gallaudet College are examined during the month of May. Therefore our preparatory class should commence July 1. This is in order to allow candidates to reach Akron in time to start the course here on that date. Most of the state schools close during the second and third weeks of June.

As this course is primarily intended to help students of limited financial resources, some means of preventing its abuse must be provided. We suggest that candidates have the recommendation of their state school superintendent. It will also be necessary that the candidate be a graduate of his school and he must present a certificate of having passed in his studies.

Gallaudet College maintains an approved list of state schools. A school to be placed on this approved list must conform to certain regulations as to the course it gives in the elementary grades. The college will accept a certificate from the schools as satisfactory evidence that the candidates have passed in their elementary school work. Without such a certificate the candidate

will be examined in both his grammar grade work and his preparatory work.

SAMUEL GOMPERS BEFORE
BOSTON CHAMBER OF
COMMERCEThe Time of Absolutism in Industry Has
Gone; A Better Day Must Come

(An address delivered upon invitation before the Chamber of Commerce in Boston on January 8)

That which the world calls the labor movement is not a new invention; it is not a new institution; it runs through history, centuries and centuries back. The labor movement is the struggle of the masses of the people for a better day.

It might be summed up in the word "hunger." It might be summed up in the word "aspiration." Hunger—hunger in the beginning for the commonest food; hunger, in as time went on, for better food; hunger for raiment and shelter, for better raiment and better shelter; hunger for home; hunger for love; hunger for justice; hunger for freedom; hunger for the cultivation and the enjoyment of the highest and best surroundings of life and labor.

At one time it was a rough struggle. A struggle of the masses for better conditions is of necessity a rough struggle. But in the development of the human family there have arisen at times conditions in which mass struggles occurred—the struggle for magna charta; the struggle for the independence of the American colonies, the Declaration of Independence, the fact of independence; our Civil War by which human slavery was abolished and the union of our republic maintained; our war with Spain for the independence of Cuba; the recent war, greatest of them all, not in potentiality but in matter of numbers and sacrifice—all of them rough struggles.

But, thank God, man forgets the roughness of the struggles in the ideality which he hopes to attain. And so in the labor movement of the past and of today, whatever roughness there may be attached to it, the future will forget and forgive in the ideal to establish better relations and better standards for the great mass of the people of our country.

The time has gone by when employers of labor can assume for themselves the position of absolutism, of autocracy. Industry and commerce must become more democratic in their initial as well as their continued operations.

Last night I was honored by being present at a gathering of organized employers and of organized workers, and found that as the result of years of experience an entire important industry has come to an agreement with the workers in their representative organized capacity. It rarely has occurred that such congenial companionship and friendship and real understanding of the position of the other party have been so well exemplified as on the occasion last evening.

What we aim to do is not, as some people attribute to us, the overthrow of government or the destruction of anything that is worth while maintaining. The movement of American organized labor is constructive, not destructive. It is to make today a better day than today, and tomorrow's tomorrow, each of them a better day than the one that has gone before, not by tactics or policies that are destructive but by a constructive, rational and natural policy.

If error occurs during this great, inspiring and constructive work, who will throw the first stone? I venture to say that there are very few people who could really define the distinction between the various organizations, institutions, propaganda and associations. It has become in the recent past quite apparent that there exists a wonderful fund of misinformation.

I venture to express the opinion that there are few who could give even an approximately accurate definition of the trade union movement, the American Federation of Labor; of the Socialists, of the I. W. W.'s, of the Bolsheviks, of the Soviets. Inasmuch as they and the American Federation of Labor are as much at variance with each other as are day and night in their illumination of the world, I think that a word upon that subject may not be entirely amiss.

The trade union movement is a progressive movement to secure some of the advantages which have come by reason of the great production of wealth; to secure a normal workday; to secure a wage that shall bring comfort into the home, that shall afford an opportunity to the workers to give advantages to their children and their dependents, that these children may have the opportunity of going to the schools, the colleges and the universities; that they may be taken out of the factories, the workshops, the mills and the mines and given an opportunity to run, to play in God's sunshine, and that they may grow up into the manhood and the womanhood of the future upon which our Republic and our institutions depend.

The American labor movement is not at war with society. It seeks to overthrow nothing. It is as loyal

and devoted to the ideals of our Republic as any group or individual in all America can be. And it is not fair to the men and the women in the American labor movement to attempt now to place them in the position of disloyalty or failure to appreciate and to give service to this ideal of the world's government, the Republic of the United States of America.

Not only during the war but before the war occurred there was no institution in any part of the world that did more for the cultivation of the best, most kindly and fraternal spirit between the English-speaking peoples of all the world than the much misrepresented and misunderstood American Federation of Labor.

For many years, from 1885 up to the present year, the British labor movement and the American labor movement have exchanged fraternal delegates every year. In 1909 the American Federation of Labor, for the purpose of further cultivating this friendly feeling, held its convention in Toronto, Canada, and this year, 1920, in June, we shall hold the fortieth convention of the American Federation of Labor at Montreal, Canada.

Before the war, three weeks before the President appeared before the Congress of the United States and presented the indictment against the Imperial German Government, the organized labor movement of America held a conference of all the principal officers of our national and international trade unions. We then and there declared that come what may we would stand by the government of the United States against any or all of their enemies.

And, better than that declaration, the organized labor movement as the leader and the spokesman of Labor in America and the leader of the labor movement of the whole world, made good through every hour and minute of that war.

Now that the war is over—actually if not technically and legally—last June the convention of the American Federation of Labor by a practically unanimous vote, a vote of more than 25,000 against 400, decided that it was the opinion and the insistence of the workers of America that the Treaty of Peace, the Treaty of Versailles, should be ratified by the Senate of the United States and thus end the war.

I am proud to have the opportunity of saying to you that on last Sunday there was a meeting of the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace and a committee of the American Federation of Labor, a committee of the groups which had taken action in favor of the ratification of the treaty, to see how helpful we could be in order that we may have the pleasure of knowing that at last the war has come to an end officially and that we may do our share in carrying out our hope and our prayer that war among the nations of the world will never come again.

The Socialist demands a change in the system of government, founded upon the abolition of private property. The I. W. W., with the bolshevist or anarchist, is for the abolition of all government. The Soviet is the idea of representation by industry, of which the workers themselves shall be the exclusive electors, instead of the geographical and numerical representation of today, also with the abolition of all private property. The America labor movement aims at a better life for all. There has not been an issue since its existence on which it has been on the wrong side, from the movement to take the children out of industry, protecting them from the greed as well as the ignorance of parents, and from the avarice of the grad-grinding employers and corporations, to woman's suffrage, justice, education.

There is not an issue, including those to which I have just made a mere reference, the object of which is to bring light into the lives of people and to protect their rights, upon which the American labor movement has been on the wrong side. It has been my pleasure to work with the American labor movement nearly all my life, from my young boyhood up to this hour, and I can recall with the greatest satisfaction its consistent, progressive, liberty-loving, patriotic course.

When I shall have done my work, whatever it may be, if the world will remember me for five minutes after I am gone and say, "He tried to be of service to his fellows in life," I shall be content.

A friend has asked me since my arrival in Boston night before last whether I would not take up and discuss, however briefly, the question of compulsory incorporation of trade unions. I know that it is a subject that is mentioned here and there, and it ought to be met. It ought not to be evaded, and I shall try not to evade it.

It seems plausible that inasmuch as employers are financially responsible, unions of labor should be made legally responsible and made to respond in damages. But is that the actual relation between the two? I remember with a great deal of amusement, if not interest, that about thirty years ago I had the distinguished honor of discussing this question with the great lawyer who now adorns the Supreme Court bench, Mr. Brandeis. He took the affirmative. I took the negative.

(Concluded in next number)

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second-class matter]

ALVIN E. POPE, M.A. Editor
GEORGE S. PORTER, Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

Published monthly from October to July inclusive at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Subscription Price: \$1.00 a year invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.25. Canada, \$1.15.

Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

Address all communications to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine is the product of the pupils of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

VOL. XXXII APRIL, 1920 No. 7

The New Jersey School for the Deaf in its attempt to be of more service to the deaf community has established a night school. The post-graduates, who are completing their trades, the deaf employees of the institution and the deaf in the community are eligible. The school gives a course in English and English composition and is in charge of one of the teachers assisted by some of the adult deaf in the vicinity. This class of twelve pupils is one of the most enthusiastic in the school as those attending are old enough to appreciate the value of good English. On page 176 is a description of another evening school. There is no reason why institutions for the deaf should not perform this neighborhood service in the same manner as the public schools.

UP TO DATE

The Silent Worker office received its first mail by airplane in March—a photograph of Helen Keller which graces the front page of this issue. There is nothing remarkable about this incident because tons of mail is being carried through the air between the large cities every day now, but it reminds us that we are living in an age of great scientific advancement; that we must keep abreast of the times and in order to do so we must wake up and do things in conformity to the changes that are going on all around us.

PILGRIMAGE TO GALLAUDET

The Trenton High School was the first school of its kind to take its graduating class to our national capitol in order to give the pupils a practical demonstration of the workings of the United States Government and in order that they might see many places of historical interest. A great many schools throughout the east have followed this example until these pilgrimages have become a custom. This year, the advanced pupils of the New Jersey School for

THE SILENT WORKER

the Deaf hope to accompany the Trenton High School graduating class to Washington, stopping at the same hotel and visiting the same places of interest. The deaf pupils, however, will remain a day longer to visit Gallaudet College. This will, no doubt, do much to stimulate a greater interest in higher education for the deaf in addition to receiving the privileges and benefits the high school pupils seek.

A RARE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Silent Worker is pleasing the readers on every side as is known, but then we do not propose to lag in our efforts to do still better. So it gives us pleasure to say that we have secured permission to print the unpublished manuscript of a \$5,000.00 novel by the famous Basil O'Hara, entitled:

"BREAD ON THE WATERS"

It is a sweet and clean narrative telling how a deaf and dumb Russian girl was metamorphosed from an ignorant peasant to a great lady of her country. The book is divided into two parts, the first showing how environments made her, and the second part how she made environments; and, what is unbelievable, we learn from the story that she was the prime cause of the downfall of Czarism! Deaf-mutes are not unknown as characters in fictitious literature but, as a rule, they play a subsidiary part in such stories and are often inaccurately described, but here the principal person in the plot is the deaf and dumb girl herself.

Mr. O'Hara says of himself: "I am a Russian emigrant born of an Irish university professor and a Jewish mother and perhaps speaking the Russian language better than the English. My dead sister named Esther, like the heroine of the story, was deaf and dumb." Therefore, his insight into the characteristics of the deaf is surprisingly thorough for a non-professional man; and, except for idiomatic peculiarities in expression in few places and his Slavonic mode of thinking which we Westerners may call grotesque, he has a brilliant and entertaining style. In following the story, we go through the gamut of all feelings from pathos to true dime-novel excitement.

In anticipation of this intellectual feast, be sure to renew your subscription. Or what is better, tell your friends about this and induce them to subscribe. For this rich "find," we ought to have 6,000 subscribers.

The novel will be begun in the October number, for the accommodation of which four extra pages will be added. Look out for it.

SOME SCENERY

Mr. A. Kerr, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, sends us a number of attractive scenic views, which he took on his British Columbia trip last summer. At Banff, Alberta, he went in bathing, the temperature being 92 degrees—pretty hot wasn't it? These views can be seen grouped on page 170 of this issue.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Many of our advertisers are renewing their last year's contracts.

Recently one wrote stating that he had received several orders from schools for the deaf. Later, another letter came stating that he had received more orders than he could fill and that the Silent Worker helped to do it. Consequently his advertisements will be discontinued until fall. This demonstrates the fact that the Silent Worker is becoming the medium of bringing before the schools the latest developments in all lines of school work. It also demonstrates the fact that superintendents in the profession are alert; that they are constantly on the look-out for anything which will improve the standard of their schools. The Silent Worker will accept only advertisements of articles or materials which are of the greatest benefit to the profession.

A DEAF BEGGAR?

The National Association of the Deaf is strongly opposed to impostors and claim that the deaf do not beg. A circumstance recently occurred here in Trenton that furnished proof that there is at least one deaf-mute beggar roaming the country and making big money. A package of several thousand alphabet cards reached the Trenton Post office addressed to a certain deaf-mute, which was by mistake sent up to our school. The cards besides containing the manual alphabet asked you to give as much as you could because he had five small children to support! The writer has known this man to be in the game for at least forty years, his wife usually accompanying him and acting as an accessory. Could it be possible that in all the forty years of their begging business they always had five small children? And what is puzzling is that they have escaped arrest or the condemnation of the N. A. D. all these years.

CONTENT

I own no lands or palace fine,
'Tis little I may claim as "mine;"
No higher call, that ceaseless yearns,
But shuttles hum and spindle turns
Within my brain, 'til in my dreams
I'm sewing miles and miles of seams.
Between gray roofs I see the sky,
A rift, where clouds go sailing by,
Dream ships upon a shoreless sea.
I drift away with them and, free,
No low-ceiled room is mine, ah no!
My palaces are white as snow.
My ships are laden heavily
With hopes of days that are to be,
When they return from their far quest,
I shall have wealth, and home, and rest.
Sometimes I dream how nice and cool
The green hills are, and how each pool
Of water, dripping from some spring
Mirrors the sky. The wood birds sing,
And nature's smile is wondrous sweet
High up where sky and mountains meet.
But still I love the dusty town,
With noisy tramping, up and down;
Of busy feet, of folks like me,
The good and bad, the bond and free,
They're friends of mine, if strangers, too,
But all God's folks like me and you;
I'm happy just to hear the beat
Upon the pave, of busy feet.

—Emilie Chamberlin Conklin.

A FRIENDLY CRITICISM OF ARNOLD PAYNE'S BOOK "KING SILENCE"

Reviewed by Alice T. Terry

"King Silence" is the title of a book by Arnold Hill Payne, an Englishman, and one-time Normal Student at Gallaudet College. The object of the book is made known in The Dedication; but, in order to get an even better understanding, one should also turn to The Addenda and read that first before going through the book. For, by so doing he will best grasp the spirit that moved Mr. Payne to write such a book, his sincerity and purpose in the story.

This story is unusual; better than that, it is timely; its plot is rare—it being a vigorous defense of the Combined System, used in deaf-mute education. Indeed, the book stands out on the market a soothing relief in contrast to the superfluous and tiresome literature we have had on lip-reading and oralism for the deaf.

"King Silence" takes the semblance of a novel. An admirable novel it would be, I'll venture to say, had the author confined himself more generally to the place and to the people that he understood best—and loved best—England and the English. Instead of that, he shifts to America, to relate people, incidents and things, which do not so well fit into the plot of the story. The local color scheme of his American picture is Gallaudet College, which he fictitiously calls Sicard College. The fact that he is reluctant to praise America—he does not even praise the college—need not surprise us. In this respect, he is proverbially English; for even Dickens and Kipling and others visited this country, to go away and write depreciatingly of what they saw and felt here.

But, for a mutual friend, like Mr. Payne, to cast the shadow of doubt and disapproval on the student body of Gallaudet College, particularly the girls, by making one of the co-eds a notorious flirt, who all the while is secretly a married woman, is a serious blunder. To those of us who staunchly uphold the deaf cause, this is an error, as painful as it is unforgivable. The fact is, this woman, Maisie Stoddard, is one of the chief characters in the book. What a pity that Mr. Payne should give her so much prominence! And just why he does it is not clear to me. Did another writer commit a similar offense—some one little informed about the deaf—we might readily trace its origin, to ignorance, prejudice, and tradition; more than that, we would set to work to put that author straight. But in Mr. Payne's case—Mr. Payne who knows and loves the deaf—it is to us simply baffling! I repeat, it is not clear to me—and it never will be.

The several deaf English characters in the book are efficient and praiseworthy men and women, which fact prompts me to suggest that had the author confined himself solely to his Mother Country he might happily have omitted a few useless incidents and characters,—the ship wreck, and Maisie Stoddard, for example.

One of his most interesting characters is John Simms. Here again the author puts the deaf in a queer light. Why should he detract from the sterling qualities of this poor boy by giving the reader the impression that he, John Simms, is of doubtful birth? John's mother is described as a peculiar and eccentric woman. It is not until toward the end of the book that we are made aware of the boy's legitimate origin. In both ancient and modern fiction the deaf have been quite overdrawn as freakish, out-of-the-ordinary human beings; in both the physical and moral sense. We have had enough of that—and want no more of it!

Mr. Payne's style is singular, in that he refers to the deaf as SLAVES. I do not wish to deny that in some respects he is quite right; although, in view of one hundred years educational privileges, the idea sounds quite old-fashioned, or as belonging to the Dark Ages. Just now, however, there seems a vogue of anti-deaf legislation, which, if continued, will ultimately demoralize us to the extent that we become actually and truly the SLAVES that Mr. Payne

says we are.

I may have said some things that sound harsh, but I do not wish it doubted for a moment that I question Mr. Payne's sincerity. He is heart and soul the friend of the deaf, just like his father and mother were. Moreover, this is amply proven by his masterly defense of the Combined System; by his slap at society and civilization—causes which produce deafness—rather than at deafness itself; by his profound sympathies with the deaf in their desire to be teachers and ministers to their kind; and by his vigorous protest at suggested eugenic measures which would deny the deaf much that is the normal right of the citizen. Are we not as much citizens as any body?

Finally—and I say it reluctantly—I do not think that Mr. Payne has well succeeded in his attempt "to present a picture of that world in which live the deaf." At least, not in America.

OF INTEREST TO SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

Mr. Superintendent:—Have you investigated and tried out the equipment and supplies advertised in the SILENT WORKER? Is there anything in the following list which will help to make yours a better school?

LIST OF ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE SILENT WORKER

Books of Reference

- G. & C. Merriam & Co., Springfield, Mass.—Webster's New International Dictionary.
- John C. Winston Co., Phila., Pa.—Winston Simplified Dictionary.
- Hanson-Roach-Fowler Co., Chicago, Ill.—The World Book, 10 volumes.
- The Grolier Society, New York City—Book of Knowledge, 20 volumes.
- Artemas Ward, 50 Union Sq., New York City—Encyclopedia of Foods, 1 volume.

Primary Materials

- Milton Bradley & Co., New York City—Kindergarten Materials, Books for Children.
- The House of Childhood, New York City—Montessori Material.
- School Specialty Co., 274 Main St., Worcester, Mass.—Home & Kindergarten Materials.

Visual Education

- Underwood & Underwood, New York City—Stereographs, Lanterns, Slides, Touriscopes, etc.
- Bauch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.—Projection machines, Lanterns, microscopes, etc.
- Denoyer-Geppert Co., Chicago, Ill.—Anatomical Models, charts, globes and maps.
- A. J. Nystrom & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Anatomical Charts, Globes, Maps.
- Rand-McNally & Co., New York City—Maps, Globes and Books for Children.

Books for Children and for Teachers

- Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York City.
- F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y.—Instructor School Library.
- Comstock Publishing Co., Ithaca, N. Y.—Nature Study Books.
- J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Bacon & Vincent, 49 East Swan St., Buffalo, N. Y.—Books and School supplies.
- D. C. Heath & Co., New York City.
- Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.—Industrial-Domestic Science, etc.
- School Methods Co., Chicago, Ill.—Pedagogical Books.
- A. N. Palmer Co., New York City—Penmanship.
- Methodist Book Concern, New York City—Sunday School Supplies.

Miscellaneous

- Jackson Piano Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—The Meissner Piano.
- J. A. Fay & Egan Co., Cincinnati, Ohio—Wood-working Machinery.
- Riegel & Co., Phila., Pa.—Paper.
- Hill-Standard & Co., Anderson, Ind.—Playground Apparatus & Athletic Goods.
- The Beck Duplicator Co., 476 Broadway, N. Y.—Duplicating machines.
- National Wood Renovating Co., 317 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo.—Old desks made new and eraser cleansers.

Other Than Supplies

- Alex. Pach, 111 Broadway, New York City—Photographs.
- The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—Labor.
- The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—Labor.
- The British Times, Cardiff, England.
- National Association of the Deaf.
- Wright Oral School, New York City.

THE SILENT WORKER'S COMBINATION OFFER

- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Ohio Chronicle \$1.00 both for \$1.20.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and the Kentucky Standard 75 cents both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Register (Rome, N. Y.) 50 cents both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Advocate of English and Speech for the Deaf, (Rochester, N. Y.) 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Nebraska Journal 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Colorado Index, 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The California News 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Oregon Outlook 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Western Pennsylvanian 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Pelican 50 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The School Helper (Cave Springs, Ga.) 75 cents, both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Silent Worker Supplement 75 cents to New Jersey subscribers both for \$1.00.
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Illinois Advance 50 cents, both for \$1.00 (beginning September, 1920).
- The Silent Worker \$1.00 and The Hawkeye (Council Bluffs, Ia.) 75 cents, both for \$1.00.

Have you a Winston Simplified Dictionary? Every household should have one. No deaf person can afford to be without one. See advertisement page 192.

Winston Simplified Dictionary \$1.20
The Silent Worker \$1.00
Both for \$1.75

King Silence

By ARNOLD HILL PAYNE

\$1.50

and the

Silent Worker

\$1.00

Both for \$1.75

King Silence is a novel of absorbing interest, the author claiming that of the episodes related in the book some are true while some are entirely imaginary. The scenes are laid in both England and America and shows that the writer has an intimate understanding of the Deaf, being at one time a fellow student at Gallaudet College.

In order to secure the benefits of the reduced rates at which the book and the Silent Worker are offered fill out the coupon below.

THE SILENT WORKER

School for the Deaf,

TRENTON, N. J.

Enclosed find \$1.75 for which please send me "King Silence" and enter my name as a subscriber to the Silent Worker for one year.

Name

Street

City State

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



MR. HOGLE had not put new screens on Dr. Walker's side of the Florida School for the Deaf, or rather, if Mr. Underhill had stated the fact a bit clearer in the Florida School paper, I would not have been able to whittle a wheeze out of it for this column, and I would not have made an 1800 mile journey to St. Augustine this month at Dr. Walker's cordial and almost insistent invitation that I go down and see how they teach the Florida deaf youth. The good Doctor suggested that when the time might come when I should be tired out and in need of a rest, that would be the time for me to go down and get the rest and recreation they would find for me there. And so it came to pass that after a season of unusually hard work I decided to take a winter vacation; phoned the Clyde line for a vacancy on the first south bound liner that wasn't filled up, and was lucky enough to get accommodations on the "Mohawk" sailing Saturday, February 28th.

In previous journeys on the vasty deep, all of which have been coastwise, the publisher of this paper has always shared my room, and other deaf people have been along, and the journey would only be a few hours old before other passengers knew the situation and plenty of friendships were formed, because passengers, seeing us talk, knew we were unable to hear, and they always made the voyage a delight. Often, among them, were people who had deaf friends or relatives, and could use the manual alphabet, and otherwise make the time pass pleasantly, but a deaf man traveling alone doing his deck promenading, smoking room visits, and the happy interspersions of dining-room pleasures is up against the possibility of being considered a grouch by table mates and others, if, as is most likely the case, he does not care to be constantly making his shortcoming known.

One relief from an otherwise monotonous voyage is to have a cheery room-mate of the right type. It makes it all the harder if the man who sleeps in the berth above you is not of the congenial type. On the way down, I did not meet my fellow voyager until late at night of the first day out. When I had been to my room, for one reason or another, he was not in, and I did not happen to go in on any one of several trips he made for the purpose of learning who the "other fellow" was. Out of forty or fifty men in the smoking room that night I picked out a young fellow that I hoped I would find sharing my room with me, and as luck would have it, late that night the door opened and in walked the very young man. It did not take him but a minute to understand the situation—he proved to be a Princeton college boy on his way to visit his family in South Carolina, and when he left the ship at Charleston, I was genuinely sorry to lose him.

We had seen no land from the time we passed Atlantic City till we were off Charleston, and then it was a three hour journey into Charleston Harbor, with its Fort Sumter, world famed as the scene of the first hostilities of the great Civil War. The Navy Yard, Paris Island, the famous training station of the U. S. Marines, and other historic points are passed and by noon we are warped in to the pier, and passengers are informed that they have the rest of the day on shore until 5.30 sharp, when the ship heads out for the open sea again, for another 24 hours till Atlantic Beach is sighted and the ship starts on its 42 mile journey up the St. Johns River to Jacksonville (and I am not going to spell that name all out again in this, nor in the succeeding

narrative, for down in Florida the city is "Jax," without even the quotation marks).

There were plenty of cars to take passengers on sight seeing trips, but I elected to go with friends I had made on a personally conducted tour. By three o'clock I had my fill of sight seeing, and started off by myself to see what I could see along Kings and Queens Streets, and when I was tired enough to think of sitting down and resting, my eye caught a sign announcing that the rotound Mr. "Fatty Arbuckle" was being shown within, in "The Garage," and as that promised both a seat and a laugh I went in. "The Garage" was really funny, and other interesting pictures made the time pass so pleasantly, that I forgot I wasn't in New York, and when my watch told me it was almost 5.15, I remembered, and hurried right away from there, and having lost my bearings, asked a bully good cop the shortest route to the Clyde dock. He hailed a car, and I landed near my destination at 5.29, and made a run for the stairway that passengers must ascend to keep them out of the hurly burly of freight handlers, and soon was safely aboard, but I might just as well have seen the whole show, for "will leave at 5.30 sharp," does not mean that when there is a big lot of freight to be handled, and it was nine o'clock that evening when hawsters were cast off.

The big lighthouse that serves as a beacon for ships leaving the broad Atlantic to journey up to Jax is one of the most important ones on our coast. Sometimes the conditions there are so bad, a ship must run down the coast to Matanzas Bay, on which St. Augustine fronts, where it is safer to take in a big ship in nasty weather. Journeying up the winding St. Johns, with its tropical scenes on both shores tells the tourist that at last a dream has come true, for he is seeing Florida. The shrubs and trees on shore are what we have seen before only in tubs and potted, and tiny compared to the palms and palmettos growing here in their native land. Jax is a hustle bustle city, and an important one, as it is the gateway to the great section of Florida south of it, and from the huge Jax Terminal. The Florida East Coast Railway stretches away for nearly six hundred miles or about as far as from New York to Detroit.

There, you never thought Florida was so large, now honest you didn't. All right if, you know better. I did not.

Then there are two more highways of steel rails, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line, the one covering the side of the state whose shores are washed by the Gulf of Mexico, and the other touching the more central towns. North from this terminal the Southern Railway system carries a vast traffic to be distributed North and West, and the Florida and Georgia Southern handles a vast business in its own territory. There other systems that enter the great station, so handling all this railway business and its vast shipping interests, together with its many industries make Jax the busy and modern city that it is.

On the going trip, we are not tarrying long in Jax, as we are taking the first train out, on the Florida East Coast, which is always followed, in the announcement by "Flagler System," and though Henry M. Flagler is dead, it is rightly his due, to keep his name prominent in connection with the vast railroad he built to make the east coast resort easy of access. Some of the great palace hotels he built, that at Ormond for instance, are not right on the main line, but that does not matter, as trains reach them any way, their very door, and then back out, and down to

the main line again to reach the next important stop.

It is a little over 33 miles from Jax, the Metropolis to St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, and in some respects the most interesting. From the time I stepped from the Palm Beach Limited into Dr. Walker's waiting "Studebaker," until I left five days later, I was always enjoying some pleasure, recreation or gaining first hand knowledge of modern methods of educating my fellow deaf, all of which had been mapped out and arranged for me morning, afternoon and night.

Over the finest roads in the world, through avenues of palms, (I was going to say stately palms), but the term is too hackneyed past the world famous Ponce de Leon and Alcazar hotels (and there are more than half a hundred other hotels there to) we drive past the old slave market, the Cathedral that has stood for three centuries, we reach the shore road and turn north along Matanzas Bay, out past the old City Gates, and over a boulevard as level as a billiard table and paved as smooth, we drive past beautiful mansions, many of them the homes of tourists, as the winter residents are called, and just past the city line lies the home of the deaf and blind children of the state of Florida during the years they spend acquiring the education that is given them here.

In time, Dr. Walker means to have an ideal school here. One of two new buildings is already under way. Two feet below the surface of the ground they strike water in St. Augustine, so when I say the foundations are started, it does not mean what it would imply elsewhere, but work has been commenced on one of twin buildings that will meet pressing needs, and the others will follow in the not distant future, as the people of Florida are proud of this school. They call the Principal, president here, and rank it with the higher institutions of learning.

All that Dr. Walker has to do is to show the Governor, and the Board of Control what is needed and the legislature does the rest when the money is available. It is an ideal state of affairs.

The present main building, Industrial Building, Power Building and Hospital Building grouped together on the one side, and the buildings for the colored deaf and blind (one of them was the original Florida School somewhat weather beaten and worn now, but still useful) really constitute four separate schools, viz: School for White Deaf, School for White Blind, School for Colored Deaf, and School for Colored Blind.

A little about the head of the school. Though still a young man, Dr. Walker has already served quite a long time here, and he had six years in teaching the deaf work at the Texas School, and over a year at the Tennessee School. He was born in the South Carolina School of which his father is Superintendent, and his brother Principal. His grandfather founded the South Carolina School. A brother is Principal of the Tennessee School, and seventeen members of the Walker family have been or are identified with the education of the deaf. Literally you will see he was born to the work. He was a deaf boy as a little fellow, so far as attendance at the South Carolina school was concerned, not actually deaf, but a pupil with them and of them. You would not believe it judging him by what he is today, but he was even a bad boy, as bad boys of eight, nine, ten and other tender years. Did "N. F." (that's his good pater, the present head of the South Carolina School) come across a bunch of deaf boys with hair wet, and other evidences of having

been in swimming in forbidden waters, (because of the danger of drowning), did the boys get punished? Well one of them got the whip where it did him most good, and that one was little Albert, and the deaf boys only got lectures, for "N. F." reasoned, and not without good cause that Albert was the leader. See what the end of such naughty conduct is! The bad leader of that youthful period not only directs the destinies of one of the finest schools for the Deaf in the world, but he is a pillar of the Presbyterian Church, a Choir singer, and a Director of a prosperous Y. M. C. A. I don't know just how to get a moral out of this. Perhaps I had better not try.

It has been my pleasure to visit about twenty-five American Schools for the Deaf. It is a great privilege to enjoy the location that the great Fanwood School does, on the banks of the mighty Hudson, in the greatest city in the world, and facing the wonderful Palisades, but next after

that comes the glory of being within sight of the Atlantic Ocean; near enough to get the benefit of the Gulf Stream; in the midst of a territory that nature has endowed to make it a literal fairyland, and given to it an outpouring of her plenteous abundance in the most treasured of fruits and vegetables, and the fairest of flowers, and land so fertile that it yields three crops a year; its waters alive with the finest, the gamest and the biggest of fish, and a climate that makes all season summer.

To be continued.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

There was a trial recently in a village near Peking, China. Four merchants had combined to purchase some bales of cotton; and, as they feared that the rats would damage their goods, they invested also in a cat, deciding that each of the four would be specific owner and proprietor of one of the cat's legs.

Shortly afterwards the cat hurt one of her paws, and the owner of that particular leg bound it up with a bandage dipped in oil. Then the puss went too near the fire; and the bandage caught and burst into

flame; and, in the cat's frantic attempts to escape, she set fire to the cotton bales, and all were reduced to ashes.

The owners of the three sound legs of the cat sued the proprietor of the wounded leg for damages and evidently thought they had a clear case. They were disillusioned when the presiding judge gravely rendered this decision:

"As the wounded leg could not act, the fire was communicated to the cotton by the three uninjured legs that carried the animal toward the bales. Accordingly, the owners of those three legs are responsible, and they must pay damages and costs."—Exchange.

LIP-READING AS SEEN BY A LIP-READER

That will make the quickest progress in lip-reading, who has first the eye of a huntsman, the vision of a mind-reader, the rhythm of a musician, the power of concentration of a scientist, the ruthlessness of purpose of a financier, and the ability of the little boy who always guessed right the first time.—Ex.

The Louisiana School Summer Sessions

By H. LORRAINE TRACY

UST NOW the thing uppermost in the minds of both pupils and teachers in all the schools for the deaf in this country is on the subject of vacation—the time when the delightful days of school are drawing to an end, the time when "long summer days" will be spent under spreading oaks, or running along rippling streams, or looking for rosy cheeked apples out in the tempting orchards, and mayhaps, for the larger boys, toiling out in the hayfields or in the busy factories. Not so with those in Louisiana. Just now the children and teachers are busy getting ready for the reopening on the seventh of April.

The Louisiana School for the Deaf is the only one in this broad land of ours to have a summer session, lasting from about the first of the fourth month to the end of the eleventh, about the time when the juicy sugar cane is to be harvested. This will be the fourth time it has had such a session. I can imagine many inquiring mentally "Why is this?" To satisfy the curiosity some may have anent this I may say there are quite a number of good reasons for the step the authorities have taken to carry this out of the ordinary method on.

When the buildings of the institution were erected about the middle of the last century the climatic conditions must have been far different from what they are nowadays for those responsible for such constructions provided no way for heating the rooms except by means of open fireplaces. In quite a number of rooms on the upper floors no means for heating them were provided at all. Just imagine five stories, each fully twelve to fourteen feet from floor to ceiling and rooms 20x20, many not provided with means for heating at all. Again, each story has a cross section of halls through which cold drafts rush up whenever there is an opening anywhere above. Of late, we Southerners have been experiencing "blizzardy" weather, something our forefathers apparently never came across during the period when the North and South were settling the question of States' Rights by force of arms. It stands to reason that when the new superintendent, Mr. G. C. Huckaby, took hold of the reins he saw how dangerous those open fireplaces, and even the stoves which had been substituted for a number of them, were to the lives of the occupants of those "veritable fire traps" as the buildings were sometimes styled, just as his predecessors had taken notice of and endeavored to rectify by having Legislature after Legislature

appropriate the wherewithal for the installation of a steam-heating plant. To be sure, nothing had happened to endanger the lives during the many years of the school's history. But, to make "safety first" a reality Mr. Huckaby, with the co-operation of the Board of Education and the Governor, inaugurated the "summer sessions" which will, I opine, continue until the Pelican State lawmakers see fit to grant the funds to make the much needed improvements.

Contrary to the general impression the climate in Louisiana is not oppressively hot. Extremes of cold and hot weather are hardly ever experienced. When something out of the ordinary takes place, that lasts only a day or two. Breezes from the Gulf of Mexico and the famed Father of Waters temper the climate. The school stands upon a gentle bluff, only a few city blocks from the river and thus it gains all that's good therefrom.

Strange as it may seem, it has been comparatively easy to get teachers to come, and those who have been "through the mill" during the one or two sessions are nearly all back, other schools being unable to entice them to remain with them, even at more advanced salaries—an evidence enough conditions are far from being unbearable.

Everything has its advantages and disadvantages, with advantages in the ascendancy as far as the summer session in Louisiana is concerned. Those teachers and officers who enjoy being at conventions or other gatherings of the deaf feel the loss, but Supt. Huckaby has always endeavored to facilitate ways and means for them to go and attend if they desire to go.

Hot classrooms? Oh, no! Each room is provided with electric fans which, assisted by the breezes that blow all day long, make work with books a delight.

As an economic measure the summer session is a decided success. The school owns a large farm which furnishes an abundance of fresh vegetables and melons, something not had during the winter-time. The pupils are not exposed to dangerous disease so common during the cold season and as they are kept in out of the hot sun most of the day their health is also much better, they being out in the fresh air about sundown till bedtime.

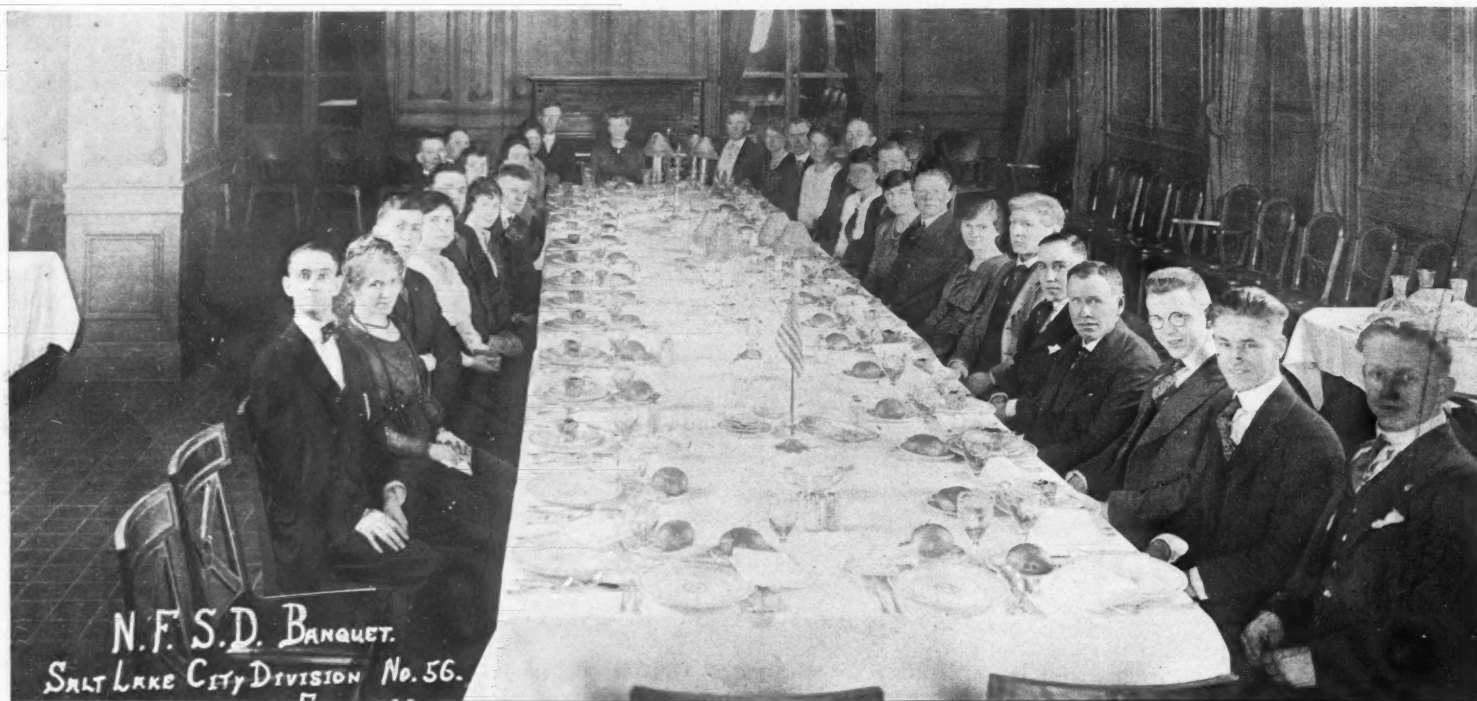
Facing the river as the school does ocean going vessels can be seen going up or down the stream carrying oil from the giant Standard Oil plant, located three miles above the city of Baton Rouge. During the late world war the boys were wont to keep tab of all outbound vessels to see

if any would be unfortunate to meet a submarine and thus sent to the bottom of the ocean. Often after a wait of a month or so news was flashed across the wires that such and such a vessel met its Waterloo. One may imagine what opportunity a Louisiana teacher had to give in out of the ordinary language work, not enjoyed in other schools.

Many have no idea where Baton Rouge, the State Capital, the location of the State University, the School for the Blind, and other State institutions, is, hence it may not be out of place to here state that the city is about ninety miles north of New Orleans which in turn is about a hundred miles north of the Gulf of Mexico—indicating the capital city of the Creole State is not so near the southern salted sea as many may have imagined.

At the close of the last session in November the Louisiana Association of the Deaf held its fourth convention at the School with Supt. Huckaby as host. The gathering was not as large as could have been expected, due to the inability of many getting leaves of absence from work, it being a busy season everywhere and also the period when sugar-cane was beginning to be cut and ground. However, the convention, in the opinion of many, was one of the best ever held. Former Supt. Richmond S. Dobyns, of the Mississippi School at Jackson was the official interpreter on the opening day when distinguished citizens were present to deliver addresses. Supt. Huckaby will have the co-operation of the Association which will have the Proceedings published in pamphlet form for distribution wherever some good can be apparently accomplished.

It may be of interest to many to know that Mr. Huckaby was one of the first group of young men to hold a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford. After leaving the University he travelled quite extensively over Europe and collected a lot of interesting and instructive views which have been a source of pleasure and profit to the pupils at the school. Upon his return he at once plunged into educational work in his native state filling successively a teacher's place in the High School at Baton Rouge, Principal of the Public Schools of Shreveport, Superintendent of the State School for the Blind, and now the head of the School for the Deaf. In the brief time he has been with the deaf he has learned the sign language and finds it no difficulty to converse with the deaf. At the last convention of the Louisiana Association of the Deaf he addressed the members in signs much to their pleasure. Mr. Huckaby is yet on the sunny side of forty.



Left to right—R. Donelson, Miss F. Young, Geo. Preece, Mrs. E. Preece, Mr. E. Preece, Mrs. J. Felu, Mr. J. Felu, Mrs. A. Wright, Mr. A. Wright, Miss M. Woolsey, H. S. Smith, Mrs. E. Jacobson, Mr. E. Jacobson, Mrs. J. D. Rowan, Mr. J. D. Rowan, Mrs. A. M. Amundsen, Mr. A. M. Amundsen, Mrs. Joe Cameron, Mr. Joe Cameron, Mrs. Leo Hawkins, Mr. Leo Hawkins, Miss L. Crow, Mr. S. Brodie, Miss A. Vick, Mr. J. M. Rowan, Mr. Alma Wild, Mr. Ezra Christensen, Mr. K. Murphy, Mr. J. Waterhouse, Mr. F. Underwood

NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM THE LAND OF THE MORMONS

Ogden, where the writer now lives, derives its name from the river along whose banks it is situated, with an amphitheatre of majestic mountains in the background, with a population of about 35,000.

The city is divinely favored in the beauty and scope of its physical surroundings, and the beauty and grandeur of its location has delighted every person who has entered its gate. Indeed, few cities in the country can vie with Ogden in its scenic beauty, or the natural advantages of her location.

Ogden presents a grand and marvelous picture in Nature's art gallery—painted by the heroic hand of the Supreme Creator of the universe.

Here are the strength and beauty of the mountains; the music and dream of the waters, the soft winds freighted with the perfume of flowers—an ideal setting.

Still, in my opinion, Ogden cannot equal Colorado Springs, where I have spent the past ten years, and while Ogden is good enough, Colorado Springs is far in the lead, both in climatic conditions as well as in scenic splendor.

Under the leadership of President Paul Mark, active preparations are being made for the Utah State Convention of the Deaf, to be held in Ogden June 3, 4, 5. It is the intention of those in charge to make it a re-union of the old pupils, as well as a convention. A large attendance is expected, as the Board of Trustees of the Utah School for the Deaf and Blind have agreed to furnish visitors with board and lodging at \$1.00 per day.

The writer attended the Banquet of Salt City Division of the N. F. S. D. on the evening of Washington's Birthday. About sixty were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Altho Ogden is not such a large city, it boasts of more deaf people than most cities of its size can. In all, there are about twenty-five living here, or within a short distance out of town.

They have a splendid church of their own, and it is certainly a revelation to the writer to notice how devout those of the Mormon faith are in their religious life. All things considered, I have found that the Mormons are exceedingly fine people, and are

entirely different from opinions which I previously held.

One of the most popular deaf persons in the city, if not in the state, is Paul Mark. He has lived in Ogden many years, and holds the esteem of all who know him. His shoe shop is the meeting of all the deaf for many miles around, and if the inquisitive desires to know the latest happenings among the deaf, he invariably calls on Paul. He has a most lucrative business, and is a stockholder in several of the leading industries of Ogden. Mr. Mark is also president of the local branch of the N. F. S. D., as well as that of the Utah State Association. Mr. Mark is the father of three hearing children; owns his home, and spends his spare time driving his Peerless.

William Cole, familiarly called "Bill," after traveling around the greater part of the country, is now holding the position of Make up and operator at the "Standard." He is very popular among his fellow workmen, as well as with the deaf population.

Ora Duce, who until of late, has been employed on a ranch near Salt Lake City, is now employed by the Ogden Packing and Provision Company.

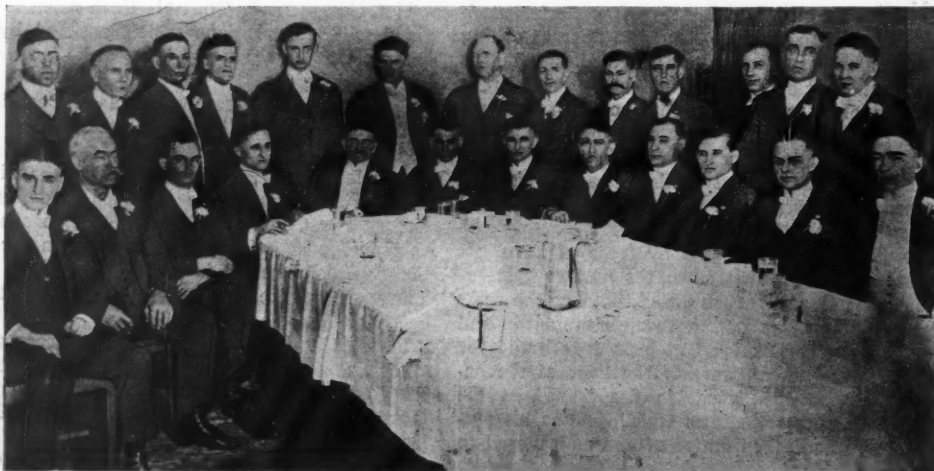
Milo Cutler, of Logan, (Utah), was a recent visitor, making the trip on his motorcycle, in company with his friend, Jones, who decided to remain here, having secured employment in a shoe shop. Harold Taylor, of the same city, was also a visitor, and was initiated into the N. F. S. D. at its last meeting.

Miss Theo Osborn, of Brigham City, (Utah), was also a recent visitor among friends in Ogden. Up to last fall she was employed here, but was compelled to return home on account of sickness in the family. However she expects to return and reside here permanently.

Your writer originally started for California when he left Colorado Springs, but upon reaching Ogden, where he was called to accept a position, he liked it so well, and the salary being tempting, decided to remain here indefinitely. He is now employed by the Scoville Press, the finest printing and lithographing establishment between Denver and San Francisco.

BOB WHITE.

"No, sah, Ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady, looking in on the merry go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride 'as much as a dallah's worth an' git off at de very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, 'Rastus,' I sez, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?'"



HOLYOKE DIVISION No. 26, N. F. S. D. BANQUET, JANUARY 10, 1920.

BEAUTY OF HEBRON---ROSE OF SHARON

By HOWARD L. TERRY



WO brothers leaned against a primitive board fence looking longingly over a wonderful valley, mountain-walled, copiously watered by melting snows, possessing a fertility seemingly exhaustless.

"And to think, all this going to that woman Elmer married—"

"Married for two reasons, to keep his house and to be the next owner of Glad Valley Ranch—to spite us." Wyatt Wells turned a face burning with indignation to his younger brother. They wore their faded uniforms, which, though now clean and sweet, had known unspeakable dirt gathered during those soul-trying days of marching and trench duty in France. The soldiers' faces were still tanned, their hands rough and callous, and as they spoke there was the unmistakable tone of deep resentment bursting from hearts that had risked all for Democracy.

"What we've been through and our safe return ought to change his nature a bit," ventured Maurice, removing his overseas cap and thrusting his hand over his short-cropped head.

"The old ground-gripper! It was some man to get such a spot as this, and hold it, as Uncle did—hang on to it through those cut-throat days he lived in when the laws were written with the point of a lead bullet." The look of indignation had changed to one of well meant admiration for the man whose quarrel with the boys' father caused the present situation.

The boys leaped over the fence with the alacrity born of their army training, and quickly passing over the fallen pine that bridged the stream whose waters were the life of the valley, struck across the alfalfa field towards their uncle's dwelling.

Through a pass in the mountain ridge the noon heat of the Mohave desert was entering the valley, the atmosphere took on a dull, deceptive aspect, the nearer mountains glowing with Indian red, while those farther down the valley, where still lingered the cool morning air, stood out in somber purple with streaks of white vapor appearing and disappearing over their crests, or drifting in and out of the hollows. The brothers removed their hats and mopped their streaming faces as they neared the corral where a couple of yearling steers were nibbling the barley tops just turning yellow in the field without the corral. A loaded hay rack stood under the window of a great hay barn and an elderly man, plainly attempting a task his strength was not equal to was pitching hay into the barn.

"Uncle Elmer, we're back!"

The forkful of hay, about to be thrust through the window, fell back to the load, and Uncle Elmer turned a startled face upon his unexpected visitors.

"Back?" and there wasn't a sign of greeting nor of gladness in the old man's face. Months back, nursing as he would the quarrel with his brother, his unholy fancy had pictured two crosses in Flanders Field, and he would defend himself by thinking that Providence was with him.

"Yes, Uncle, we're back; and can't you be a little friendly, a little—a little loving, and give a decent welcome to the only blood kin you have? We've been through what they call hell and want some

cheer, a taste of real home stuff." The soldier heart of Wyatt softened to that of an earnest, longing, homesick boy.

The old man turned a calm face up to the boys, after hearing their plea with lowered head. He, too, had been through what they call hell as Wyatt remarked a little while before, and he was striving to adjust himself to what he knew was his duty to a returning soldier, yet yielding nothing to sentiment nor weakening in his old resolve.

Climbing down from the hay Elmer set his fork up against the barn and offered his hand to the boys.



"A wonderful valley.....possessing a fertility seemingly exhaustless."

The grasp was firm and earnest, yet, his face remained the same.

"I'm glad to know that the blood of a Wells has helped lick Fritz; I'm glad to know that you've done your duty, boys. Come up to the house and have dinner."

"Thank you, Uncle," the boys returned, and they inquired after the health of Mrs. Wells.

"She killed a rattler this morning," laughed Elmer.

"Then she must be in fine fettle." Maurice was quick to take advantage of his uncle's lightening mood, and this pleasant spirit he maintained throughout the meal, which ended with Mrs. Wells inviting the boys to see the rattlesnake.

The party gathered in the back yard where Elmer set about skinning the reptile, which measured four feet and had nine rattles. It was a bull with fine markings. Elmer severed the head, dexterously avoiding contact with the venom-laden sacs and the deadly fangs. Then he carefully removed the skin and measured it.

"Three feet eight-and-a-half inches—it will shrink an inch." Elmer wound the skin as one winds a strap and gave it to Wyatt, remarking, "The Wells were always good fighters, so are rattlesnakes; take it, boys, as a mark of my appreciation of what you have been through," he ran his hand through his gray locks, then warming up to a point of careless enthusiasm, a weakness that was always breaking out in Elmer Wells, added, with a show of bravado, "Fight for those principles you believe in—stand for your rights."

When the boys left the ranch that afternoon they left their uncle in the same imperturbable mood in which they had found him, a mood that challenged silence whenever either of the boys was about to approach him on the subject of their disinheritance. He told them to fight for their rights, and surely they had come on just such an errand; but that face and

attitude of their uncle—well, the boys mutually agreed to hold fire, that day, at least.

They returned to town that evening, footing it over the mountain trails some six miles and took train back to the city.

Elmer Wells had long since ceased to run the great ranch himself, except so much of it as was needed for his own household and feed for a few head of stock and some fowls. The ranch embraced nearly a thousand acres and it had made him a fortune which was kept up out of the returns from leases. He was a prince in his independence and a king in

his domain. His diversions were hunting and fishing with a periodical trip to the city with his wife, on which occasions he would secure a man to take care of the stock. But the war had worked a disturbance in this easy-running life of Elmer Wells, his tenants were drafted. With great difficulty he secured help to make his hay, the rest of the land lay fallow. But now that the war was over he was looking for a change back to old conditions. The return of his stern attitude in respect to them forbade.

One day the rural mail carrier drove up and handed Elmer a missive very different from his usual run of mail. It was a dainty pink envelope of fine linen, and as

Elmer examined it he was conscious of a breath of perfume—very faint, yet there undoubtedly. He returned the smile of the carrier, and with a "By Heck!" hurried to the veranda to read it:

DEAR MR. WELLS:—My chum and I were nurses in both France and Palestine, and are just back home again. Now we are going to be farmerettes and are looking for some good land to lease. Having seen your wonderful mountain ranch and being told that all or part of it is for rent, we write you to learn if we could make a deal. We should want the improved part at the south end, about sixty acres of it for two years. My chum's name is Beulah Hebron, we call her "Beauty of Hebron," and I am,

Very respectfully,

ROSE (of) SHARON.

P.S.—Please wire or phone us care of Red Cross Headquarters, Los Angeles.

Every word Elmer read accentuated his heart beats. He had hooked something in deep water whose tug was different. "Beauty of Hebron, Rose of Sharon, Palestine—whew! Maybe they mean to make a Garden of Eden out of this valley," Elmer chuckled as he glanced from the dainty sheet out over the ranch. "That Woman's Land Army has sent more girls swimming around the country than the Flood itself, back in old Palestine. Maybe the day ain't far off when we men will be dusting around the halls while the ladies are off on the ranges branding cattle and sipping their tea." It was all a mental ebullition, nevertheless Elmer resolved to give the letter business attention.

"Wife, come here!" Elmer rose from his seat and hurried through the front door, colliding with Hattie in his incautious eagerness to convey the good news.

Hattie's eyes fell upon the pink envelope lying on the porch, and inquired with well expressed curiosity,

"And from whom?"

"A couple of angels—real ones—from Palestine, beyond Jordan—here, read this."

When Hattie had finished the letter there was a bit of color, not unlike the tint of the paper, spreading over her face, her tightly compressed lips, however, were a barricade to an outburst of sudden wrath. She turned again into the house, leaving the letter in Elmer's possession.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Elmer was all agrin as he went to the telephone.

It was just past noon the next day when a motor car drove up to Elmer's gate and two khaki-clad young ladies of undoubted beauty and fine physical appearance alighted. Hattie answered their knock and summoned Elmer. They were Rose and Beauty, and Elmer was carried off his feet by them. They talked business right up to the old man, and they showed a surprising amount of knowledge about ranching and ranches; and there wasn't a bit of fooling about it. Elmer took them down to the south end of the ranch and spent an hour with them, looking over the property, and by that time things had taken shape and an agreement arrived at. Evening found them signing a lease before a notary in town.

Rose and Beauty came back in their car again, but this time with a trailer attached. The trailer was filled with a couple of trunks and a dozen boxes of provisions. The next day two ranch hands whom they had arranged with followed with the team and wagon. These men drove on beyond the girls' cottage to a shack on the creek where they hung their coats and made their home, eating their meals with the girls at the cottage.

The two years of quiet over the valley was at last broken. Smoke rose from the cottage chimney, voices came up the valley, and a cow bell tinkled in the thickets far down the creek. But Elmer did not go down to see how his fair tenants were progressing, he waited for an invitation; he was eager for the day when he and Hattie would be asked down for a sort of house warming. But that invitation not coming, and growing more and more curious, he ventured down the valley one bright morning, and to his consternation found a probable dead line established around his dreamed-of Eden. At intervals along the fence Elmer met with signs positively forbidding any one to enter!

Forbidden to pass over his own land! That was something new; but so were his manner of tenants, and taking off his hat he ran his hand several times over his brow, as he was wont to do when trying to fathom some new problem. Then a sound arrested his attention. Two sturdy horses swung around the base of a hill and a girl seated on a mower was driving. Elmer gasped, then bent an admiring gaze upon the unusual spectacle. Cutting and tossing its swath the rattling mower drew up to the fence where Elmer stood.

"Good morning, Mr. Wells, the going's fine, ain't it?" Rose slipped off the seat and stood laughing before her landlord.

"Never knew it better," returned Elmer. "Them's good horses you've got, Miss Sharon. Where did you learn horse flesh?"

Rose dropped her rustic speech, "You see, I could ride a horse like an Indian when a kid. Father was a lover of horses, so I guess it runs in the blood. I learned to ride before most girls learn to get on a horse. These bays are brothers, and there isn't a blemish in either. I paid four hundred dollars for them, and I'll get more than that when I'm ready to part with them—if that time ever comes," She stroked the off horse affectionately.

Elmer glanced at the nearest sign, but Rose pretended not to notice it.

"Mrs. Wells went to town this morning and I thought I'd run down to see how you and Beauty were faring, but—"

There was a call far down the valley and Rose turned and waved her hat.

"That's Beauty," she laughed, "I guess she wants me; or maybe she's jealous—good bye!"

Rose threw her hat over her head and coquettishly bowing herself back to the machine, mounted the seat

and was off again on the return trip, leaving Elmer pondering the situation; for she was not the business-like woman of that first meeting, in fact, Elmer then and there decided she was a human chameleon, too pretty, too smart to be doing that work, and beyond his comprehension. He watched the girl disappear down the valley. Then he drew himself up before that challenging board and eyed it with respectful contempt. Who'd ever dare try that on Elmer Wells? He'd defied many a warning in his time, no man ever stood between him and his goal without having to answer for it; but here and now a couple of man-garbed species of femininity had defied him on his own ground!

That night neither Rose nor Beauty could sleep. They had overtaxed themselves and their nerves would not quiet down. From their bedroom window they had unobstructed view far up the valley to their landlord's domicile, which they observed was lit up throughout the night; but not having lain awake like this before they were not sure but it was Elmer's custom; so the next morning the two girls set about their tasks as usual. The hands were kept busy clearing the last year's tomato field at the extreme end of the ranch, Rose resumed her mowing and Beauty went about with the house work.

The following night, however, the girls were aroused by a hurried knocking at their kitchen door. They leaped from their beds and peered out the window below which the flickering light of a lantern revealed an old man, evidently in distress.

"Mr. Wells!—is—it—you?" Rose drew back, and throwing on her kimono, went stumbling and tripping down the stair, followed by her companion.

The door flew open and Elmer fell forward, hurling the lantern across the room. Beauty sprang for it and averted an explosion.

"My God!" cried the old man, his face wrrenched with pain, "we're sick—to—death!" His fever-flushed face turned from one girl to the other. Then he suddenly paused, as if he had miraculously recovered.

"Where—did—you—get THAT?" His trembling finger pointed to a rattlesnake skin tacked on the wall. Almost fainting, he sank upon the couch, then, with an effort, "Go—to—Hattie!"

Trained in their hospital duties, accustomed to scenes of pain and death, the girls instantly met the situation, and making Elmer lie quiet, hurried up stairs and dressed. Beauty came back quickly, and taking up the lantern, hurried forth to reach Hattie.

Rose got Elmer to his feet and helped him to a bed in an adjoining room. She took his temperature, then set about bathing him with warm water to reduce the fever. In the midst of this operation, noting carefully Elmer's complaints of pain, she suddenly left the room. When she returned she wore a mask.

Early the next morning, while Elmer was in a restless sleep, Rose gave an order,

"Go to town in the car, Wyatt, and return with a doctor. Take Maury up to the house as you go and see if Beauty needs help—this is the flu!"

The fifth day after the doctor had come and gone Beauty drew a sheet over Hattie's face, and the tired, heroic girl silently left the house and glided over the fields to tell Rose. But with Rose matters had gone favorably.

There was a little funeral at the north end of the great ranch, but Elmer did not know it. Not until the dread fever was gone and the old man's rugged frame was rallying back to health again was the news broken to him.

"It was the flu—the Black Plague," explained Rose, "Beauty and I have both had it, and we have nursed several other cases; it is very contagious, and often fatal."

For the first time in his life Elmer was conscious of helplessness, and this unnerving situation was augmented by the death of Hattie. These girls who were nursing him were, indeed, angels, angels sent to minister to him in his hour of sorrow. Strange thoughts came to him, thoughts so foreign, so wanting in meaning he knew not what to make of them. But he was sure that the presence of Rose and Beauty accounted for them—they were not like other women

he had known, yet, and he would allow his eyes to follow them as they passed in and out, yet there was a something in them that called up happy recollections of one he knew long ago.

Rose and Beauty busied themselves disinfecting the dwellings. In the midst of these activities Elmer suddenly asked,

"Who has been doing the milking and feeding?"

"Our help," returned Beauty, never turning her head from her dusting. "We have had two men at work every day."

This information was reassuring news, and Elmer gave the matter no further thought. In the evenings the girls would entertain the convalescent with their wonderful experiences in the war zone.

"There were a lot of fine fellows on our transport," smiled Rose, "and as was natural we nurses found some of them very attractive; indeed, we formed an attachment for two of them, who, we soon learned, came from our own state—this state. The troops on our ship were hurried to the front and for a month or more were exposed to all the horrors of the war, weeks of weary marching and trench digging in horrible weather, exposed to shell fire and to everything else Fritz could send over. One morning our two friends of transport days turned up in our hospital, wounded and fearfully reduced from exposure, seemingly all in. Well, Beauty and I nursed them back to health, and it was a happy day for us all when we told them they might go out doors and take a sun bath. We had strolls together as the boys got stronger, and it made us sick to think they must return to that inferno. A week passed when Beauty and I were ordered to Palestine with a carload of nurses; so the war tore us apart from our heroes, as it has torn apart millions of others."

Elmer listened with deep interest. This post-war plague had torn him and Hattie apart; but there was a pang of conscience as he thus reflected.

"You loved those soldiers?" Elmer looked sympathetically at the girls, "and lost them." He closed his eyes a moment as if to decide whether to reveal his life to the girls. "I've lived on this ranch since I got it, forty-two years ago. I was a bachelor until about two years ago, not because I had never loved and won a woman—I did, a beautiful and holy maiden who was raised to all that is good and beautiful and tender. She was very devout. She loved me, and we were to marry—then something happened, I quarrelled with my brother, and the quarrel was bitter. The Book says that the hatred of brothers is the hatred of devils. My brother told my betrothed that I was a murderer, and it was true, for in those days we fought our way to anything worth having—there wasn't any other way to settle matters but by dueling. When my beloved learned that she faded away and died. I cursed my brother and his seed. He died and left two sons, and I vowed they should never have this land—they were my only living relatives. Hattie was my servant. I married her to cut off the nephews—" he paused, as his breath weakened; "now she is gone."

"Do you think it was right to cut out those boys because of your quarrel with their father?" asked Beauty, "they were quite innocent."

"Right—wrong?" Elmer looked pityingly at Beauty. "In those days, in these wilds we had one aim—self-satisfaction. My soul was filled with bitterness, I did it out of the bitterness of my heart."

"Nothing done in that state of mind bears good fruit—Providence wont let it. Your evil design has been blasted already in the death of Hattie. If you should die tonight the law would give this ranch to those boys." Austere, yet beautiful, the girl bent a warning face over the pillowed head.

"Then I will deed it to you and Rose—all I would ask is that I be permitted to live and die here."

"You mean you would use us to carry out this unholy plan of yours?"

Elmer made no reply. Rose broke in,

"And suppose we did consent to this, and again, suppose we should meet and marry those two sons of your brother, how about your plan, then?"

Elmer sprang to a sitting posture.

"Rose, Beauty!" he cried, almost hysterically,

In the World of the Deaf

In the new fire-proof hospital of the North Carolina School for the Deaf is a fully equipped dental office, and a resident dentist is employed. The care of teeth of children is essential to health and growth, and the step taken by the North Carolina School is wise and laudatory.—*Florida School Herald*.

Rev. J. W. Michaels, of Arkansas, an evangelist to the deaf who probably covers more territory than any other, including seventeen states in his itinerary, visited our school again last week for the first time in several years. On the morning of January 30th, "Good Roads Day," he spoke in the chapel on the spiritual significance of the subject, and in the evening preached an inspiring sermon on the text, "Let all things be done decently and in order."—*I Corinthians 14:40*.

The Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania at the recent session amended the Motor Vehicle Laws by incorporating in them a section which prohibits the deaf from operating motor vehicles of any kind. In spite of efforts made by the Pennsylvania Society of the Advancement of the Deaf, through the Committee to Investigate Laws that Affect the Deaf, to prevent its passage, it passed and thus deprived the deaf of one of the most exhilarating pleasures to be enjoyed.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

William Graham is now located on Presque Isle Farm near Bermuda Hundred, Va. He has leased its dairy business for a term of 10 years on a share basis. The lease includes all the buildings and 160 head of cattle. Some choice blooded animals have been added to the collection and he expects within five years to have a uniform herd of high-grade short-horns. He is now milking 70 cows and will soon be handling over 100. The work is being done by machine.—*Silent Hoosier*.

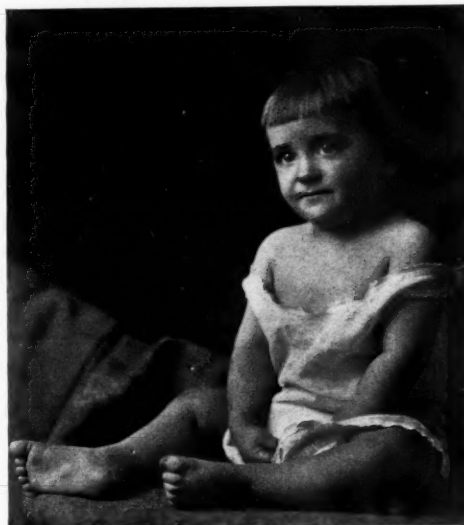
Mr. Marcus L. Kenner was one of the privileged guests at the Banquet of the Agents of the New York Branch New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., held at the Biltmore, last Friday evening, the 9th. He strained his eyes to read the words of wisdom that poured out so eloquently, and confesses that he failed (Oralists please note). However, he had the unique privilege of delivering a neat little speech to those present, and what is more he had the distinction of being 97th on the list of 150 highest Ranking Agents, covering the United States for the month of December.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Mr. Harry L. Welty, a teacher in the Nebraska School for the Deaf, has been appointed Superintendent of the South Dakota School in the place of Mr. Howard Simpson who recently resigned. Mr. Welty begins his new duties on the first of this month. He began his career as a supervisor of boys in the Oklahoma School and is highly spoken of by the *Oklahoman* as "a man of fine character, a student and a good teacher and has the stuff in him to make a successful superintendent."—*North Dakota Banner*.

From the St. Paul letter in the last issue of the *Frat*, we learn that two deaf men of that city received at Christmas each a \$1,000 insurance policy from their employers who evidently appreciated the work these men were turning out. There was another item to the effect that one day while Andrew Carnegie was inspecting his immense plant, his attention was called to the excellent work done by one of his men who was deaf. This pleased the ironmaster so much that when he got home, he wrote out a check for \$5,000 and told Mr. Sawhill, for that was his name, to buy a home with it.—*North Dakota Banner*.

A deaf-mute—Jacob Garbarino, aged 46 years—has recently come back from Alaska to St. Paul, Minn., to see his lonely mother. During the rush for gold in '96, despite his handicap, he left his home to seek his fortune in the Klondike. He remained there 23 years. He has become rich. He has a leased claim which profits him 23 per cent of the net gold produced. As the taint of gold lust has now ceased to call him back, he is going to take his mother with him to his vineyard near Chico, Calif., to live in peace. When a child, Mr. Garbarino was afflicted with a disease which made him deaf. He studied for ten years at the Ohio School.

Following this, he worked for a short time in a moccasin factory at St. Paul.—*California News*.



Roland Eric Todd, aged 14 mos., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Amos Todd, well known Deaf-Mutes of Memphis, Tennessee.

We note, that Virginia is preparing to separate the schools for the deaf and blind. Virginia is one of only six states in the United States where the deaf and blind are in the same school, and in each of these states the sentiment is pronounced that the interests of both the deaf and the blind require separate management. Quite a number of the states have tried the experiment of having these schools under the same management, but all except six have found it impracticable and abandoned it after trial and failure. It is safe to predict that in a few years there will be no state in which the deaf and the blind will be taught under the same management. The educational problems presented are so entirely different that methods of administration both for the home and the school life of the child have nothing in common.—*The School Helper*.

The *Deaf Oklahoman* comments upon the absence of the cut of the manual alphabet from the columns of school papers where it once appeared frequently. One reason is that the papers go to about the same persons all the time, and therefore the cut will do little in the way of spreading the knowledge and use of the alphabet among hearing people. Up here in Minnesota we have not been idle in regard to this kind of missionary work, though we have not advertised it. Some time ago the Minnesota Association of the Deaf had 10,000 alphabet cards printed, and it has sold them at a low price to whoever has wanted them. Orders keep coming in from all over the state, and the supply is now almost exhausted.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The old ranch of Mr. Benj. M. Wood at Oxnard is one of the favorite places which deaf people visit—usually in crowds. Mr. and Mrs. Wood indulge in riding out in their Hudson Super-six to remember the deaf with visits—particularly in Los Angeles. Last August they took a trip up the coast route reaching San Luis Obispo on the first night and Tracy on the second. When they reached Livermore at dusk, Peter Barthe, a pupil of this school, was the first person Mr. Wood met and asked which restaurant was the best. After leaving Tracy the next morning, they arrived at Davis State Farm where they took their dinner. Thence to Woodland and Capay Valley where Mrs. Wood's brother lives. Onward to Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa. At the last place they called on Mr. and Mrs. Oldham. Both of the men were schoolmates in this school. Mr. and Mrs. Wood returned home the first of September. The whole trip covered over 1500 miles, without the slightest trouble with the car, excepting only one tire puncture in the first hour after the start.—*California News*.

About a year ago the Arkansas school added printing to the trades taught their girls, and seems to be making a success of it. This year they have a woman, Miss Nannie Murphy, employed as assistant instructor to look after the interests of the girls. So far as we know the Arkansas school is the only one now teaching girls the printing trade, but see no reason why all the schools should not follow suit. In the hearing world there are about as many women as men printers, and in many offices there are more women than men. That is especially true in book binderies and job printing establish-

ments. The writer was employed two years ago during vacation in a large bindery where the ratio was three to one in favor of women and girls. Men were employed only to handle the heavy machinery and do other heavy work, such as making up and taking forms to the press, finishing heavy books, etc. Few offices would care to take on a deaf girl who had had no training, as they do in the case of hearing girls, but after they have learned something of the art at school they should be able to obtain profitable employment in the trade as readily as deaf men do.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

In the morning the Phelps folks again came for us and we drove out to the Charlie Chaplin Studio in Hollywood. There we were met by Redmond whom I have previously spoken of as a famous deaf artist who exhibited in the Paris salon. We saw everything except Chaplin who does not like to meet strangers. We were told that he is always very nervous and irritable. He likes to be alone. If he wants company, he usually goes to Redmond because Redmond is a deaf-mute and therefore does not use his voice. They talk in signs and Chaplin finds comfort in their use. Besides Redmond has a happy nature and a personality that attracts. Redmond showed us through Chaplin's private quarters and his screen attire including many pairs of those fearfully misfitting shoes. Redmond was so trusting that if I were a desperate souvenir hunter, a pair of the shoes would now be reposing in our museum! He showed us Chaplin's Fords that break down all the time (on the screen of course), he showed us the village streets, the stores, the plates that break over the heads of the players (they are made of plaster of Paris and are almost as thin as a sheet of paper)! There is a long row of quarters where the players retire for their "make-up." In the court yard there is a large concrete tank which is used as a plunge on hot days. One of the cement walks has the impressions of Chaplin's funny shoes for the full length to his own quarters. We were told that when the cement was yet soft, Chaplin donned his big shoes and deliberately walked on the path so that when the cement hardened, the marks of his shoes were forever left that all may see and know.—*W. S. Runde in the California News*.

A NEW REGIME.

At the opening of the present school year Military Training was introduced into the School, and has met with splendid success. The boys take a just pride in the achievements already attained, and have mastered the drill regulations to a degree which could not have been attained, save for the splendid spirit of interest and enthusiasm which they have evidenced in the work. The results of Military Training are already in evidence. Such training among boys invariably develops alertness, attentiveness, and courtesy, together with prompt and cheerful obedience. It produces a correct bearing, brings about a more sprightly gait, and tends to eliminate scuffling of the feet and careless demeanor.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

MR. ALEX L. PACH VISITING US

The School is having the pleasure and honor of entertaining Mr. Alex. L. Pach, of New York. He came because we wanted him to see for himself what we are trying to do for the education of our children. Mr. Pach is a well-known photographer, with offices in Trinity Bld'g, 111 Broadway. He enjoys a large business, and his deafness seems to be no handicap at all. He makes a speciality in portrait-photographing of famous men and statesmen. Among those he had posed are the late Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Though a very busy man, he finds time to take interest in the welfare of the deaf, and is always ready to lend every effort to any cause that will uplift his fellowbrethren. We hope that he is enjoying the visit with us as much as we are.—*Florida School Herald*.

THE VICTIMS OF NEGLECT.

Quite a number of cases have occurred in the history of our school where we have been asked to take uneducated or imperfectly educated deaf people beyond school age and care for them. Society has found such people either a burden or a menace, and has sought to shift the burden to us. It does not seem to be fully understood that this school is a purely educational institution and has no custodial features about it. Give us deaf children of the proper school age, and we will do our best to turn them into good and useful citizens, and will succeed in most cases. But we are not in business to correct the error or neglect that keeps deaf children out of school until they are far past school age. We always feel sorry for the victims, but have nothing but condemnation for those responsible for a deaf child's growing to manhood or womanhood without an education.—*The Minnesota Companion*.

"where did you get that rattlesnake skin?" He grasped the hand of the nearer girl and held it tremblingly. Instantly the girls perceived that the old man had caught a thread of the truth. Rose disengaged her hand and drew a chair up to the bed, while Beauty stood expectantly at the foot.

"From a couple of young men we knew in France," replied Rose, calmly, "who had proved themselves heroes to the core, whom we nursed in sickness 'over there'; who, on returning after the war, found themselves virtually destitute and jobless; and who, learning of our whereabouts, came to renew the friendship of the battlefields. They confided in us, told us about this ranch and its history, and enlisted us in their fight for a square deal. They gave us the rattlesnake skin, and on the inside of that skin is written these words, 'Fight for those principles you believe in—stand for your rights.' Rose paused as the old man, shaking with excitement, sank deeper into his pillow. "Elmer," Rose drew up closer and tenderly took the shaking hand, "your life has been ruined by this hateful, detestable aim of yours; your nature has been hardened more and more because of the lack of the influence of one who loved you—you have lived in bitterness, you have forgotten your God; you must change." She pressed the hand she held and looked straight into those eyes of fire, those eyes that no good fortune, no good reading, no feminine influence had ever been able to change. "You can change, Elmer, as thousands of soldiers have changed. I have seen that with my own eyes, Beauty has seen it, seen men little more than beasts, unbelieving and in battle terrible acknowledge that which they had never acknowledged before. Wyatt and Maury saw it and asked us to bring about a change in you. That's why we came here—for your sake and theirs."

Convulsions heaved the old man's chest. He withdrew his hand, and turning to Rose, said,

"A glass of water, please—there," and his hand grew steady as he returned the empty glass, "I feel better—I feel very different—let me sleep now."

The fire in the pioneer's eyes passed away in that sleep.

With hair white as the snows that crowned the peaks overlooking Glad Valley Ranch an old man spent his declining days on the veranda of the old ranch house watching his nephews till the fields of his youth, while cheery faces and loving hands, skilled in caring for the sick and the helpless, waited upon him.

SILVER WEDDING

It was a happy crowd of friends that gathered at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson on the afternoon of January 25th, the occasion being the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson. The affair was quietly arranged by Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson (Pansy) and proved in every detail a real surprise to the

couple. They were recipients of a number of handsome and useful gifts in silver. One of the chief features of the supper table which was beautifully decorated in silver, the work of Mrs. Nelson, was a wedding cake resting on a silver crystallized cut-glass fern dish, the gift of Mrs. Henderson's sister Miss Tillie Betzler, and her two brothers, of Calumet, Michigan. Around this silver attached to it were silver leaves which lent forth a beautiful aspect. The cake was made by Miss Betzler who is skilled in culinary art.

On a small booklet the following was written by Mrs. Nelson, which was very appropriately fitted to the social event:

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY of MR. AND MRS. JAMES HENDERSON

"Hand in hand for twenty-five years,
This husband and his wife
Amid smiles, roses, thorns and tears,
Have worked their path in life.
Hand in hand, in the days of youth,
When the star of hope was ever bright;
Hand in hand in love and truth
From the morn of life to the shades of night."

JANUARY 29th

1895.....1920

In this booklet all the names of guests present are written.

May the couple live to see many more happy years of wedded life.

LESSON IN ENGLISH BY CORRESPONDENCE

If your expression in English by writing or finger spelling (language) is poor, lame, defective, ungrammatical, impotent, expressionless, ambiguous, shabby, outlandish, misunderstood, crude, spiritless, insignificant, barbaric, colloquial, slangy, unrefined, stilted, puerile, vacuous, rickety, unepicurean, vulgar, bombastic, piratical, gushing, undiplomatic, tactless, indiscreet, pointless, harsh, coarse, insipid, obscure, hyperbolic, mawkish, jumbled, affected, scant, senseless, incoherent, whining, illogical, "gibberish," impolite, inflated, ineffective, trite, unpolished, "sulphuric," egotistical, obnoxious, obscure, figureless, shocking, fantastic, outrageous, jointless, spineless, unemotional, colorless, equivocal, uninspiring, pedantic, lop-sided, pert, dictatorial, erratic, improper, inelegant, inadequate, obsolete, preposterous, presumptive, quaint, queer, repulsive, distorted, impudent, depressing or splenetic;

then it is both a disgrace and a drawback to you. Why not improve it by mail? Prof. Jerome T. Elwell, an experienced teacher of the Deaf, may be able to help you.

Elegant and correct language expression, particularly in English, indicates education, breeding, and "mentality;" hence it commands respect and admiration where fine clothes often fail. It is the masterkey, the wedge, and the T-N-T. that opens all closed doors.

The study is both fascinating and profitable. A California student writes: "I have copied all the letters and will be ready to send them back to you as soon as I get large envelope."

"I am surely glad to study them interested subject and predicate."

So would you, no doubt. Correction of letters (of errors) and making, or suggesting, alterations that tend to improve them is one of Prof. Elwell's specialties.

If you are ambitious to sparkle like Sirius, or Capella or shine like Venus and Jupiter, in the constellations of your set, coterie, society and friends, you should give the lessons in English a trial.

Enclose self-addressed and stamped envelope and address

PROF. JEROME T. ELWELL,

618 N. 35th ST.,

Advertisement

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A group of some of those present at the recent silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Jan. 29, 1920.

Photo. by John Moore.

What's In A Name?

THAT OF OUR

Self Feeding Ironclad Duplicator

indicates

- (1) That it is a DUPLICATOR.
That is, it makes from 5 to 50 or 60 clear, distinct copies of typewriting, handwriting or drawing.
- (2) That it is an IRONCLAD.
That is, it is a substantial, all-metal machine, guaranteed to wear five years.
- (3) That it is SELF FEEDING.
That is, it does away with placing each individual copy by hand on the duplicating surface.

The name cannot show you how simple it is to operate, how much speedier it is than any other entirely hand operated duplicator, how perfect the alignment is, nor the quality of the CLOTH BACK, NEVER TEAR gelatine roll with which it is equipped.

A TRIAL will clearly illustrate its superiority to other duplicators.

THE BECK DUPLICATOR CO.
476 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

NEW GEOGRAPHY MAPS

Size 44x56 Inches

Denoyer-Geppert Series

With Peace Treaty Boundaries

Edited by America's Leading Geographers

Map LIST OF THE MAPS Miles to No. AND EDITORS Inch

J1	UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS	75
J5	NORTH AMERICA	115
J171	EASTERN UNITED STATES. 40 By Charles Redway Dryer	
J2	EUROPE	75
	By William Morris Davis Sumner W. Cushing	
J3	ASIA	150
J7	EASTERN HEMISPHERE ...	300
	By Ellsworth Huntington	
J4	AFRICA	115
	By Jacques W. Redway	
J6	SOUTH AMERICA	115
	By Walter S. Tower Frank Garney	
J8	WESTERN HEMISPHERE ...	300
	By Walter S. Tower	
J9	WORLD. POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL	600
	By J. Russell Smith George B. Roorbach	

(SW4-20)

If interested cut out, fill in, and mail coupon. Please send me booklet "SW4-20" describing above maps. Check below according to your interest.

...Ancient History Maps.....Finch Commercial.
...European History Maps.....Geography Maps
...American History Maps.....Politico-Relief Maps

DENOYER - GEPPERT CO.

School Map Publishers

Makers of Anatomical Models

460 East Ohio Street

Chicago

BOOK OF POEMS BY DEAF AUTHOR

Arthur G. Leisman, a graduate of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, and since he left school, a writer of articles, stories and poems, has published a book containing 25 of his best poems, entitled "Old Wisconsin." The book has been favorably commented upon by the leading newspapers of the state, and any one so desiring can secure a copy of the same by remitting \$1.00 to Mr. Leisman at Merrill, Wisconsin.

A FRENCH PIED PIPER.

[Note: An amusing incident that happened somewhere "over there" as noted by Capt. Weston Jenkins is related to us by his mother, Mrs. Isabella V. Jenkinns, as follows:]

While Capt. Weston Jenkins was fighting along the Marne River last Summer, he was quartered one night in a very ancient village, sleeping in a farmer's cottage. At five o'clock in the morning he heard a horn tooting up the street. Thinking it was a warning that German aeroplanes were overhead he jumped up and ran to the window. There the queerest sight met his eyes. An old man was going along the street followed by an orderly crowd of pigs. Near each house the swineherd blew his horn and out of the yards tumbled the pigs joining the others in the rear. Into the fields they went where for two hours, they enjoyed the green food and fresh air. When the time came for the return the piper led them back to town the same way, blowing on his horn and as each reached its own home, it fell out and ran into its pen without being driven. The people told Captain Jenkins that this custom had been followed for centuries. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" must have been founded on fact. Animals love music and have been tamed by it.

TWO OLD CRONIES.

With the issue of January 9th the *Kentucky Standard* entered its forty-fifth year. It boasts of being one of the oldest of the School papers, and so it is, but our paper, under the title of *The Goodson Gazette*, came into existence on the 19th of December, 1874. So *THE GUIDE*, which is only a new name for the old paper, is just three weeks older than the *Standard*. The two have been friends all these years. They began scrapping in infancy, as most youngsters do, but have sobered down with old age. Nothing has ever occurred to mar their friendship, and no paper that comes to the office of *THE GUIDE* is more cordially welcomed than *The Kentucky Standard*.

Our paper has had varied experiences and many editors. It was founded by Capt. Charles D. McCoy, then the Superintendent of the School, who conducted it up to the time of his death in 1879. Then Prof. Leonidas Poyntz became chief editor, with teachers in the School as contributors. Next, Capt. T. S. Doyle, as Superintendent, assumed charge, with F. B. Yates and others to assist him, and since 1896 the present writer has been the sole occupant of the sanctum.

We have met personally a number of our confreres of the School papers, and when we pick up one of the little exchanges we invariably see the mental picture of its editor. We claim all "the boys" as our friends, and among them, up about the head of the column, is the genial Kentucky Colonel. Here's to your good health, old man, and may you live long and prosper!—*Virginia Guide*.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF

Much has been said and written on the question of marriage among the deaf. One side maintains that such marriages tend to produce a deaf race, and use arguments to prove their claim. The other side maintains that such is not the case, and use facts to refute the contention. A new angle of vision on the question is presented in a contribution to *The Annals* by Dr. Rudolph Pinter, professor of psychology at the Ohio State University. Dr. Pinter has been devoting considerable time and study to problems of the deaf for several years, and he does not speak as a one who rushes in where angels fear to tread. The following is taken from his article in *The Annals*:

"Much has been said concerning the marriage of deaf parents. It has been pointed out that deaf mutes may have either hearing or deaf children, that a mating between a deaf-mute and a hearing individual is not particularly liable to tainted off-spring, and that many deaf children are the off-spring of hearing parents. Fay has written of the importance of the investigations into the family histories of any deaf persons contemplating marriage. Consanguineous matings are particularly undesirable. Where deafness is found in both families there is a decided risk in mating. But should there not also be consideration of more than the deafness? In many families deaf-

ness is the only defect present. The inheritance of the trait is very complex and apparently irregular. The individual who is deaf but is normal in all other respects, who is able to support himself and maintain a position in society, is not a menace but is very often an asset. In a careful mating the chances are much greater for hearing than deaf children. The normal traits of the deaf-mute transmitted to his children with the ability to hear can provide society with valuable citizens. When we consider the value of an individual to society we must consider him as the sum of all his traits and not each trait separately."

—*Silent Hoosier*.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

Our readers are advised to read the subjoined letter and then if it touches the tender chords of your hearts, will you kindly respond to the appeal with your dollars, and do it quickly. Send money in care of Dr. E. A. Fay, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14, 1920.

Mr. A. E. Pope,

Dear friend:—Yesterday I received a touching appeal from the teachers of the Jewish Deaf-Mute Institution in Vienna Austria, one of the oldest and best schools for the deaf in Europe. Dr. S. Krenberger, the Director of the Institution, writes:

"The first word I can address to you after this terrible war is an appeal for assistance for the teachers of this Institution.

"Your country is doing a great deal for our poor underfed children, and our eighty pupils also get food from the American Children's Relief Committee, but we teachers with a fixed income are in most deplorable condition. The Austrian State is cut off from the sources of production of food-stuffs, viz., Bohemia, Moravia, Silicia, Hungary, Galicia, and Jugoslavia. The middle classes are doomed to ruin. New relief work, therefore, has been started in Vienna under the direction of Mr. Hoover. By this new arrangement we shall be able to get food from the American warehouse in Vienna, if somebody in America pays for it.

"We, teachers in this Institution, appeal through you to our fellow teachers in America to help us by sending us food through this warehouse. We cannot pay for it, for our money has become almost worthless and our income is very small. We appeal to you, who live in the rich and

happy U. S. A., to help us!

"I should like to tell you what we have suffered since 1914. Need and trouble have now reached a climax; a whole book would not suffice."

This relief can be administered without delay, without waste, and with very little red tape. The food is already in the American warehouse in Vienna. We pay our money to Mr. Hoover's Commission here in Washington, and receive an order on the warehouse. We send that order to the person we wish to benefit; he presents it at the warehouse, and receives a package of food, larger or smaller according to the amount paid. Each package contains a quantity of flour, beans, bacon, lard, corned beef, and milk. If the recipient prefers, cottonseed oil is substituted for the bacon and lard.

Dr. Krenberger has sent me the names and addresses of the twelve teachers of the Institution (nine men and three women); therefore as soon as money is received by me the orders will be sent immediately to the teachers individually.

I think you and your teachers will want to have a part in this work. I hardly need remind you that prompt action is important.

Yours, very sincerely,

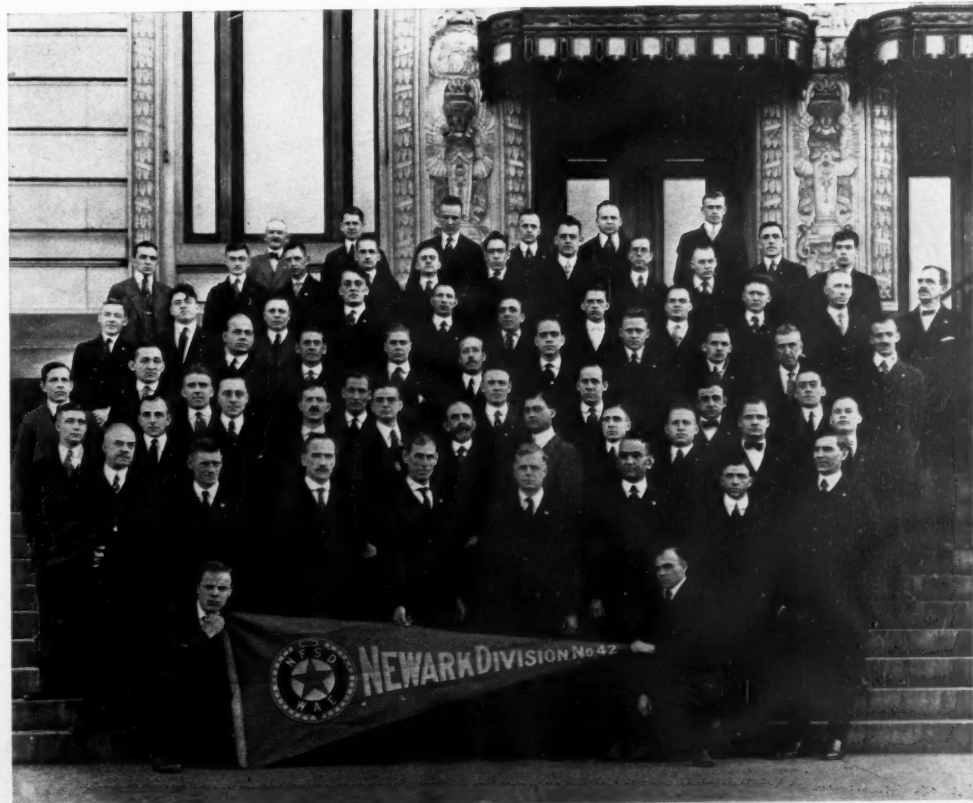
E. A. FAY.

Dr. Fay is trying to locate teachers of the Royal Imperial Institution, a Christian School for the Deaf. He also says a teacher of the Deaf in Budapest, Hungary has made a appeal for help. Send money to Dr. Fay at once and he will forward food order as you direct.

From the Mt. Airy World we learn that there is some dissatisfaction in England over the diverting of the fund for training teachers of the deaf. A Training College for Teachers of the Deaf had been recently established at the University of Manchester by Sir James Jones in memory of his son, Mr. Ellis Jones, who was deaf. Instead of a training college the council of the University has appointed an Ellis Lloyd Jones, Lecturer, who will work under the direction of the Director of the Department, give instruction to students in special methods of teaching deaf children and will supervise their work in the Royal Schools for the Deaf at Old Trafford, the authorities of these schools co-operating. It is claimed that this new arrangement is calculated to give the prospective teacher of the deaf a mere acquaintance with the methods of teaching speech and lip-reading and hardly anything else.—*N. Dakota Banner*.

"I think you need fresh air."

"That's funny. The other doctor told me I needed salt air."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



NEWARK DIVISION NO. 42, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

THE SILENT WORKER

Gallaudet, it appears, owes its high standing in athletics to a network of co-operation and system. Its many graduates who are now connected with state schools for the deaf, and who have charge of athletics, insist on installing there the same style of signalling on the football team as is in use at Gallaudet.

Now when a young man from a state school enters Gallaudet, he does not have to wait a couple of months or even a year before being able to jump into the varsity football team and be able to follow such orders from the quarterback as: Ohio 25, "Carlisle 37," "15X," "4Y," and "7C." He had mastered these signals at the school from whence he came, that is, if that school is fortunate in having a former Gallaudet athlete in charge of its athletics. The results of such co-operation and system are, therefore, manifest. No time is lost in teaching a new man to become familiar with Gallaudet's system of attack and defense. The older players are not liable to loaf and feel sure of their places on the team, when they know the new men are already well drilled in signals. They have to be on the alert every moment if they expect to hold their places on the team.

It is to all this co-operation and system that Gallaudet owes her ability to hold her own with teams from colleges and universities, which are many times her own size.

Thus are the benefits, results and real value of co-operation and system shown.

So should it be with the education of the deaf in state schools. When one teacher below another employs a means of instruction wholly different from the method given the class above, there is no co-operation nor system, and consequently, the benefits are small, if any at all. It should be the paramount duty of the principal at every school to see that the methods of instruction from the first to the last year classes are co-operative and systematic. This obligation should be fulfilled without fear or favor.—F.

"DUMB" TALK TIRED HIM.

George Gibson of Brooklyn was sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse yesterday after he had pleaded guilty as a vagrant before Magistrate Nolan in Yorkville Court.

Gibson was arrested for soliciting alms in a store at No. 356 First Avenue on pretense that he was deaf and dumb.

When arraigned, Lieut. Quackenbush, the deaf and dumb expert, was called to interpret for the court. He found in questioning the defendant that he knew a few of the letters of the dumb alphabet. Gibson soon tired of trying to "talk" with the Lieutenant and exclaimed:

"Oh hell! Let's talk English."

CO-OPERATION AND SYSTEM.

There is hardly any doubt, but that Gallaudet College stands foremost among American colleges in athletics, especially in foot-ball, when the number of students is considered.

Gallaudet always has been, and will be for many years yet to come, forced to meet representative teams from other colleges and universities, whose number of students varies anywhere from three to fifty times the number at Gallaudet. But the scores of games do not vary in like proportions. The fact is the scores are more often in favor of Gallaudet—sometimes in such a way as to leave no doubt as to its superiority.

Does this mean that the deaf as a class are superior in muscular attainments to the hearing?

We do not think they really are, notwithstanding we have reason to believe so, because the deaf, generally speaking, have to use the muscles of the arms and legs more than the hearing in making gestures and motions. However, the difference is very little, if any, we think.

So there must be some other reason for such superiority. When a team from a college of 75 students, such as at Gallaudet, can whip another college team, whose personnel comprises the pick of some 3,000 students, there certainly must be some reason worth investigating.—*Deaf Oklahoman*.

TWO FAMOUS DEAF MUTE LAWYERS

The death of Duncan McLellan at his home in Trenton on Feb. 4th, 1920, and that of his brother, Archibald, some years ago, put an end to the career of two brilliant deaf mute lawyers. They were brothers and received their education in Scotland, from which country they emigrated and set up a business office in Belleville in the seventies. For some years they did a successful business in Belleville, being assisted by their hearing sister, but when that lady died their business failed and they moved to other parts. These two brothers were frequent visitors at the School for the Deaf. Duncan, the youngest one, could with skill, dance what is known as the sword dance, by crossing two swords.—*F. E. Mason in the Canadian*.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

The other day a teacher forgot something she should have done, as even teachers will do, and she was startled by the query from one of our little ones: "Isn't your mind broken?"

In another class the teacher had occasion, in a lesson, to use the word tube (as a container)—a tube of tooth paste. And being a teacher, she had provided herself with a tooth paste tube for illustration when the word came up in the lesson. She presented the tube to the class for inspection and asked them the name of it, for the double purpose of finding if any of them knew the name, and of seeing what word they would use for tube in case they didn't know. None of them knew the name. All were ready, however, "to take a shot at it," and these are the names they called that tube of tooth paste: a box of tooth paste, a can of—, a cup of—, a tin of—, a bottle of—, a spool of—, a weak bottle of—, a soft box of—. And come to think of it, the list is not half bad, after all. The last two, "a weak bottle," and a "soft box," were given no doubt in reference to the soft, yielding tin of which the tube is made.—*The Silent Hoosier*.

TEACHING THE DEAF.

Learning to teach the deaf in the early history of deaf-mute instruction differed somewhat from present methods. The training of teachers by means of normal classes was then unknown. The prospective teacher was placed in a class room with an experienced teacher and told to help out, learn all he could, while the tardy pupils would do the fall work on the farm preparatory to returning to school; for when they returned, the classification would be recast and a new class formed for the teacher. The writer had been engaged to teach in a middle western state, and after six weeks initiation was given a class of beginners ranging in age from eight to twenty-six years, and in intelligence from sheer idiocy to normal mind. There was not an institution for feeble-minded in the state at that time, so if a child was deaf, though he had not even intelligence enough to dress himself the "Deaf Asylum," was the place for him and there he was sent. The writer had a feeble-minded girl in his class who had been in school three years and yet could not write a word. When he went to the superintendent and asked him to send her home he met with the answer, she is from your father's county and he is a Trustee so we should keep her on his account. He could only reply that he lived in the same county and it would be proper to send her home on his account. This he promised to do and did—after a year.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

A TIMELY DRIVE

A timely drive is that launched by the National Educational Association have been sent to our school 100,000 new members. Descriptive circulars explaining "Why educators should enlist in the National Educational Association" have been sent to our school, as it is likely they have to other schools for the deaf, and it must be remarked that they make a strong appeal to the profession.

Among the ten "professional reasons" given for enrolling in the great educational army the following are noteworthy:

"To develop among school people a stronger, if possible a universal, consciousness of the dignity of the profession and of the obligations which rest upon its members—To make clear the general public in a way that shall bring results, the need of more money to support public education."

One of the "personal reasons" for lending one's support to the cause is

"To bring about through co-operation and proper organization, such increase in the pay of teachers and such improvement in the conditions surrounding their work, as shall make it possible for them to remain in the profession and to live in a manner befitting their calling."

That this is more than talk is shown by the fact that the Association in backing the Smith Educational Bill now before Congress which provides for an annual appropriation of \$100,000,000 for the increase of teachers' salaries and improvement along certain educational lines.

During the period of our participation in the late war we have had "drives" galore until it would seem as if our resources were about exhausted, but this "drive" in the interests of the schools is one that concerns the welfare of the nation as vitally as those that were waged to beat the Hun, inasmuch as the schools are fighting a greater enemy—the hosts of darkness and ignorance.

Teachers of the deaf should be just as much interested in the "drive" of the N. E. A. as teachers of the hearing. We have our own "Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf," but this organization does not seem able to do much for the betterment of its members; indeed it might well affiliate with the larger and more powerful Association and thereby obtain some much-needed vigor and aggressiveness.

FIRESTONE

Can use strong, energetic deaf men on various operations of tire building.

This is a clean, healthful occupation which affords workmen a full measure of satisfaction and happiness in the successful application of their skill and ability.

Especially desirable positions are now open in our factory.

Inquire at our Employment Office, or write B. M. Schowe, Labor Department,

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio

A New Book On a New Plan The Winston Simplified Dictionary

"Your Dictionary is especially suitable to the deaf and there is no other which will take its place."—ALVIN E. POPE, Superintendent New Jersey School for the Deaf.

THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED is best for the deaf, for many reasons:—

1. Every one of the 40,000 entries is defined in plain and simple language.
2. Each definition is complete in itself; no cross-references needed.
3. No word is defined in terms of itself, or in more difficult words, as is generally done in other dictionaries.
4. Syllabication is indicated by dashes, and pronunciation is shown by a phonetic respelling of the word with the diacritical markings in common use in textbooks.
5. Abundant pictorial illustrations are provided.
6. All the words brought into use by science and the World War are included.
7. The book is printed in large, clear type, and is strongly bound.

Price \$1.20 postpaid

Write for specimen copy and further information, to

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-1016 Arch Street
Chicago PHILADELPHIA Toronto

KEEP YOUR BOYS IN SCHOOL.

The time of year has arrived when the superintendent usually receives letters from a few parents asking him to send their boys home, as they are needed on the farm. During the war, when our American boys were sent to Europe by the hundreds of thousands and the draft upon man-power for war industries in this country was great, there doubtless was excuse for such requests. Our soldiers and those of the Allies as well as the people of the allied countries, had to be fed and it devolved largely upon America to raise the stuff to do the feeding. Consequently American farmers were called upon to increase their acreage rather than reduce it and engage in the most intensive farming possible.

On account of the devastated areas and the unsettled conditions in Europe the demand for American farm products are still abnormal and will continue so for two or three years to come. But our farmer boys are rapidly being discharged from the army and coming home, and those engaged in war-work in this country are released to return to their customary vocations, so that scarcity of labor is less keenly felt and things are gradually settling back to normal conditions. There has indeed been much discussion in the press of the country as to what we should do to find work for returning soldiers, and federal and state bureaus are busy putting them into positions. If it is necessary to have labor bureaus and resort to extensive organized effort that our discharged soldiers may not drift into idleness, labor can not be so very scarce throughout the country.

However that may be, parents should make every possible sacrifice that the deaf member of the family may receive a good education. Though greatly handicapped, a deaf person with an education stands a show of getting on in the world, of being useful, prosperous and happy. But without an education there is no more forelorn and helpless class of people on earth than the deaf. Father, mother, have compassion for the condition of your unfortunate child. You will not always be here, and when you are gone your deaf child can no longer lean on you. The world is a poor step-parent. Would you be content, would you be happy in the thought that you afflicted child is left, after you are gone, to the tender mercies of unsympathetic strangers? Would you not thank your own foresight and unselfishness if you could feel your deaf child was fully prepared, mentally, morally and in every way, to enter into the activities of life

and ably, nobly do a man's or a woman's part, and in the fullest measure enjoy the good things in store for those who go after them?

Nothing but sickness or dire necessity should prompt you to call your boy or girl home. Dollars and cents should not do it; mistaken parental affection should not do it. The twelve years' course is barely enough to prepare the deaf for the active duties of life. They should not lose one day of that course. Parents please bear this in mind.—*Deaf Oklahoman*.



JOHN STROUD AND HIS AUTO-TRUCK

Mr. John Stroud, of Elwood, Indiana, sends us the above picture which shows himself standing by the new motor truck which he recently purchased and which is run by his brother.

Mr. Stroud has been a reader of the SILENT WORKER for some time and cannot get along without it. He is thirty years old and a graduate of the Indiana School. He is employed at the American Sheet and Tinplate works in Elwood, in which place three other deaf people are employed.

Long-Distance Fire—"The editor of this paper didn't actually engage in fighting, but we pumped a lot of lead into the enemy with our linotype."

ASSAULT CHARGE AGAINST OFFICER

A charge of assault was today filed against J. M. Pratt, who has been acting as special city policeman for the past few weeks. The assault charge was the outcome of the arrest and abuse of Dan Albright, a deaf and dumb printer employed by the Times-Clarion, last night, when Albright was returning to the office from his home on Northcutt Heights.

According to Mr. Albright's statement, he was accosted by Pratt near the home of John Fisher. He thought the officer was a stranger asking directions to some place, and stopped and tried to tell Pratt that if he would strike a light and write what he wanted he would try to answer. But instead, Pratt grabbed him, handled him roughly and punched him with a pistol in a dangerous and painful manner. Albright tried to explain to him that he was deaf and that if the officer would go with him to one of the houses nearby, where he could get a light, he would explain his business, but Pratt refused to do so and continued to jerk him and punch him with the pistol. Albright called a negro who was passing, to come to him, in hopes that the negro could explain to the unreasonable officer. The negro came and was also grabbed by the policeman.

Pratt then marched Albright and the negro to the home of Sheriff Garner and asked for the keys to the jail, stating that he had two prisoners. As Mr. Garner was not at home and Mrs. Garner realized the condition of the officer, she called to Mr. E. B. Prothro, who lives next door, to come to her assistance.

Deputy Sheriff Beasley also arrived within a short while and relieved Pratt of his "prisoners" and sent them on their way rejoicing. He also started Pratt homeward. Several witnesses state that the officer was under the influence of liquor.—*Times-Clarion*.

A fire occurred at the Illinois school sometime ago. While a moving picture show was in progress, the film in some way caught fire, and considerable damage was done to the booth and its contents. As the booth was of steel, the fire was confined to it and put out with extinguishers. The operator was severely burned about his face and arms, but is all right now. In the meantime, the school will have to forego any more shows till the projector is put into shape.—*Western Pennsylvania*.

If you are tired of Moving Around from one Job to Another
Losing Time and Money

or

Desire to Better your Present Condition

GOODYEAR

Offers you permanent work the year 'round---GOOD MONEY and an open door to advancement.

This is an opportunity for inexperienced men between the ages of 18-45, in good physical condition.

We now employ five hundred deaf-mutes, maintain a splendid Club house, encourage athletics, and offer educational advantages free of charge.

A copy of "SILENT WORKER'S SPECIAL" will be sent upon request.

Communicate with A. D. MARTIN, Labor Division

THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

DIRECTORY

Religious, Fraternal, Social

Secretaries will please notify us of any desired changes in this Directory.

RELIGIOUS

CHURCH MISSIONS TO THE DEAF.

(Protestant Episcopal)

Chicago. All Angel's Church for the Deaf, 6122 Indiana Ave. The Rev. George F. Flick, Priest-in-charge, 214 East 55th Street, Chicago, Ill. Services every Sunday at 3 P. M. Holy Communion first Sunday at 11 A. M. Meetings in the Parish House by appointment. Services outside Chicago by appointment.

Connecticut. Diocese of Hartford, Christ Church, first & third Sundays, at 3 P. M., Bridgeport, St. John's Church Park Avenue, second Sundays at 3 P. M. New Haven, Trinity Parish House, Temple St., second Sundays, at 7 P. M. Waterbury, St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays at 7 P. M. Services at Pittsfield, and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.

Dioceses of Washington and the Virginias. Missionary (to be appointed) Washington, D. C. Services in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, every Sunday at 11 A. M., Richmond, Va., Services or Bible Class meetings in St. Andrew's Church, S. Laurel and W. Beverly Sts., at 3 P. M. every Sunday. Social meetings, every Friday evening at 8 P. M. **Western and Central New York and Albany.** Dioceses of Missionary, the Rev. H. C. Merrill, Frankfort, N. Y. (temporary address.) Services in Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Hudson, Amsterdam, Herkimer, Rome, Syracuse, Oneida, Utica, Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Binghamton, Elmira, and other places, by appointment.

Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Pittsburg, and Erie. Dioceses of Missionary the Rev. Franklin C. Smileau, Selins Grove, Pa. First Sunday, St. Luke's, Scranton, 2:30 P. M.; St. Stephen's, Wilkes Barre, 7:30 P. M. Second Sunday, St. James, Lancaster, 10:30 A. M.; Trinity, Steelton, 3 P. M.; St. John's, York, 6:30 P. M. Third Sunday, Trinity, Easton, 11 A. M.; Church of the Mediator, Allentown, 2 P. M.; Christ Chapel, Reading, 7:30 P. M. Fourth Sunday, St. Mark's, Johnstown; Christ Church, Greensburg; Trinity Chapel, Pittsburg. Hour of service announced by card notices. St. Matthew's, Wheeling, W. Va., services every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 unless otherwise announced by the Priest-in-charge. Lebanon, Altoona, Erie, Williamsport, Franklin, Shamokin, Millersburg and other places are served on Weekdays by special aburg and other places are served on Weekdays by special appointment.

Los Angeles, Diocese of. Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf, St. Paul's pro-cathedral Parish House, 523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal. The Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge. Services every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M.

Maryland Diocese of. Missionary, The Rev. O. J. Whildin, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md. Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, Grace & St. Peter's Church, Park Avenue and Monument Street, Baltimore. Services every Sunday 3 P. M. Week-day meetings in the Parish House every Friday evening. Services are also held in St. Paul's, Frederick, every second Sunday of the month at 11 A. M.; St. John's Hagerstown, second Sunday, 8 P. M.; Emmanuel Church, Cumberland, second Monday, 8 P. M.; Other places by appointment.

Mid-Western Dioceses. Missionary—The Rev. Clarence W. Charles, 472 Ohio Ave., Columbus, Ohio. (Schedule of services to be announced.) Services in Canton, St. Paul's Church, every third Sunday at 2 P. M., Akron, St. Paul's every third and fourth Sundays, at 7:30 P. M. By Mr. W. F. Durian, Lay-Reader, 356 Carroll Street, Akron, Ohio.

Missouri, Diocese of. St. Louis, St. Thomas Mission of the Deaf, located at Christ Church Cathedral, 13th & Locust Streets. The Rev. J. H. Cloud, M. A., D. D. 2606 Virginia Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., Minister-in-charge. A. O. Steidemann, Lay-Reader, Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Sunday Services, at 10:45 A. M. Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual programmes and special announcements at services.

New York City. St. Ann's Church, 511 W. 148th Street. Rev. John Chamberlain, D. D., Vicar; Rev. John H. Kent, M. A., Curate. Services every Sunday 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. For week-day gatherings in the Parish House, see notices in the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. Sunday services also held at stated intervals in Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and other near by places.

New England Missions. The Rev. G. H. Hefflon, care of Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Conn. Minister-in-charge. Lay-Readers, Edwin W. Frisbee, Albert S. Tufts and J. S. Light. Parish Visitor, Mrs. C. M. Chase.

St. Andrew's Mission. Trinity Parish House, Copley Square, Boston. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Haverhill, Trinity Church, 1st Sunday, 3 P. M. Salem, Federal St. Church, Second Sunday, 2:15 P. M. Lynn, St. Stephen's, Third Sunday at 3 P. M., Everett, N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday at 3 P. M., Worcester, All Saints', Fourth Sunday, at 3 P. M., Providence, R. I., Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P. M.

Philadelphia, Pa. All Souls' Church, 16th above Allegheny Ave. Rev. C. O. Dantzer minister-in-charge, 3432 N. 21st Street. Lay-Readers, J. S. Reider, W. H. Lipsett, & J. H. Pulver. Parish Visitor, Mrs. M. J. Syle.

Services every Sunday 3 P. M. Bible Class, 4:30 P. M. First & Third Sundays also at 10:30 A. M. Week-day meetings in the Parish House, Thursday afternoons and evenings and Saturday evenings. Other days by appointment. Sunday services at stated intervals in St. John's, Camden, N. J., St. Paul's, Chester, Pa., St. Andrew's, Wilmington, Del., Home for Aged & Infirm Deaf, Doylestown, Pa., & Trinity Church, Trenton, N. J.

Southern Dioceses. The Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, Missionary, 917 Asia Street, Baton Rouge, La. Services every Sunday at 3 P. M., in St. Paul's New Orleans. Services at other points by appointment.

North Carolina, Diocese of. Missionary, The Rev. Roma C. Fertune, Durham, N. C. Services every Sunday afternoon, in St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C. Other places by appointment.

Wheeling, W. Va. Services in St. Matthew's Church, Chapline & 15th Sts., at 2:30 P. M. every Sunday. Other times by appointment. Norfolk, Newport News, Lynchburg, Danville, Roanoke, Bristol, Virginia; Charleston, Huntington, Fairmont, Clarksburg, Grafton, Parker-

aburg, West Virginia, and other places services by appointment.

METHODIST-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS

Baltimore, Md. Christ Church for the Deaf, Pierce St., cor. Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 949 W. Franklin Street... Rev. J. A. Branflick, Assistant, 1002 W. Franklin Street. Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, Corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

Chicago, Ill. Lecture Room of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, S. E. Corner N. Clark and W. Washington Streets. Pastor, the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, 4426 Services every Sunday at 3 P. M. Epworth League devotional meeting at 4:30 P. M. Weekday meetings at the houses by appointment every Wednesday night.

Episcopal Church, S. E. corner N. Clark and W. Washington streets. The Rev. P. J. Hasenstab 4426 Calumet Ave.—Services every Sunday at 3 P. M. Epworth League devotional meeting at 4:30 P. M. Weekday meetings at the houses by appointments every Wednesday night. Services outside in Illinois Conference district during the week after third Sunday.

Henry S. Rutherford, assistant pastor, 6511 Blackstone Ave., Chicago itinerates in Northern and Central Illinois, Iowa, St. Joseph and Kansas City Mo., Lincoln and Omaha Nebraska by appointments.

Schroeder St. The Rev. D. E. Meylan, 949 W. Franklin Street. Services every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Pittsburgh. Eighth St., Between Penn Avenue & Duquesne Way. The Rev. T. H. Acheson Pastor. Mrs. J. M. Keith, Interpreter.

LUTHERAN MISSIONS FOR THE DEAF

California Mission. Rev. N. F. Jensen, 312 S. Glassell St., Orange, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal., Trinity Lutheran Church, W. 18th and Cherry Sts., 2nd and 4th Sundays, 3 p. m. San Diego, Cal., by appointment. Porterville, Cal., by appointment.

Chicago Mission. Rev. A. C. Dahms, 2028 Cortez St., Chicago, Our Savior's Church, 2127 Crystal St., Sundays and other holy days, 3 p. m. South Bend, Ind., Lutheran school, 410 W. Jefferson St., monthly, 3rd Wednesday, 8 p. m. St. Joseph, Mich., Lutheran Church, Pearl and Court Sts., monthly, 3rd Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Crystal Lake, Ill., Homes of deaf, monthly, last Sunday. Aurora, Ill., Luth. Church, Jackson and Benton Sts., monthly 3rd Sunday, 7:30 p. m. Valparaiso, Ind., by appointment. Kankakee, Ill., by appointment. Bremen, Ind., by appointment.

Detroit Mission. Vacant; served by Rev. W. Gielow, North Detroit, Mich. Detroit, Our Savior's Church, Pulford off Meldrum, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 10:30 a. m. Toledo, Lutheran Church, Vance and Ewing Sts., first Sunday of month, 2:30 p. m. Cleveland, Auditorium, Prospect and 30th Sts., monthly, Saturday evening before first Sunday, 8 p. m. Jenera, in Mr. Blackburn's home on the following Saturdays: Dec. 7th March 8th, June 7th, 7:30 p. m. Ft. Wayne, St. Paul's Auditorium, Barr and Madison Sts., monthly save in December, March, and June, 9 a. m. New Haven, bi-monthly, beginning with Sept., on the last Sunday of the month, 2:30 p. m., Lutheran Church. Flint, bi-monthly, beginning with October, on the last Sunday of December, 2:30 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Mt. Clemens, in the homes of the deaf, by appointment.

Kansas City Mission. Rev. O. C. Schroeder, 4225 Paseo Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. Kansas City, Mo., Lutheran Church, 16th and Cherry Sts., 1st and 3rd Sundays, 3 p. m. Omaha, Neb., Lutheran Church, Benson St., 2nd Sunday 2:30 p. m. Wichita, Kan., Lutheran Church, 322 Ellis Ave., monthly, Wednesday after 3rd Sunday, 8 p. m. Topeka, Kan., Lutheran Church, Second and Van Buren Sts., monthly, Tuesday after 3rd Sunday, 8 p. m. Sioux City, Ia., New Lutheran School, 614 Jennings St., monthly, Friday before 2nd Sunday, 8 p. m. Omaha, Neb., State School, 3223 North 45th St., by appointment, 2nd and 4th Sundays. Olathe, Kan., State School, monthly, in evening of 1st Sunday in Chapel. Council Bluffs, Ia., State School, second Saturday, 7:45 p. m. Beatrice, Neb., Homes of the deaf, by appointment. Lincoln, Neb., 1400 South St., second Thursday. Richmond, Mo., tri-monthly, by appointment.

Lutheran School For The Deaf, North Detroit, Mich. The object of this school is to give its pupils a thorough Christian and common education. The regular course of instruction occupies from 7 to 8 years. Children are admitted from the age of 7 years on. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from Rev. Wm. Gielow, Supt. North Detroit, Mich.

Milwaukee Mission. Rev. T. M. Wangerin, 1711 Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Milwaukee, Emmanuel Chapel, 1711 Meinecke Ave., Sundays and other holy days, 10 a. m. Oshkosh, Wis., Trinity Lutheran Church, Bowen and School Sts., monthly, 2nd Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Sheboygan, Wis., St. Mike's Lutheran Church, 7th St., near Indiana, monthly, 3rd Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Racine, Wis., St. John's Church, Erie and Kewaunee Sts., monthly, 3rd Sunday, 2:30 p. m. La Crosse, Wis., Y. M. C. A. Hall, bi-monthly, 3rd Wednesday, 8 p. m. Wausau, Wis., Residence, 618 Central Ave., tri-monthly. Merrill, Wis., Trinity Church, 109 State St., tri-monthly.

Minneapolis Mission. Rev. J. L. Salvner, 1221 22nd Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. Minneapolis, Grace Chapel, Girard and 22nd Ave. N., Sundays and other holy days, 11 a. m. Duluth, Y. M. C. A., monthly, last Sunday, 8 p. m. Sioux Falls, S. D., Zion School, first Wednesday, 7:45 p. m. Fargo, N. D., 112 4th St., N., Thursday after 2nd Wednesday, 8 p. m. Grand Forks, 608 S. Third St., Friday after 2nd Wednesday, 7:45 p. m. Devils Lake, State School, Saturday after 2nd Wednesday.

New York Mission. Rev. A. Boll, 147 E. 33rd St., New York City, N. Y. New York, Parish House, 145th St. and Convent Ave., Sunday School for pupils of the Y. M. C. A. Institution for the Deaf, 9 a. m., third floor. Service of instruction at 10:45 a. m. Brooklyn, Immanuel Lutheran Church, 177 S. 9th., every Sunday, 3 p. m. Jersey City, Lutheran Church, Greenville, on Warner Ave., monthly, first Sunday, 8 p. m. Kingston, N. Y., by appointment.

Northwest Pacific Mission. Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner, 1628 20th Ave., Seattle, Wash. Seattle, Wash., Trinity Lutheran Church, 22nd Ave. and E. Union St., 1st and 3rd Sundays, 3 p. m. Spokane, Wash., W. Third Ave. and Division St., Tuesdays after 1st and 3rd Sundays, 8 p. m. and 5th Sunday of month, 3 p. m. Portland, Ore., Trinity Lutheran Church, Williams and Graham Aves., 2nd and 4th Sundays, 3 p. m. Salem, Ore., State School, monthly. Vancouver, Wash., State School, 2nd and 4th Sundays, 10:30 a. m. Tacoma, Wash., by appointment.

St. Louis Mission. Rev. C. Schubkegel, 4536 Labadie Ave., St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis, Grace Lutheran Church, Garrison and St. Louis Ave., 2nd and last Sundays, 3 p. m. St. Charles, Mo., Homes of deaf, monthly, last Sunday 10 a. m. Evansville, Ind., 134 E. Indiana St., bi-monthly,

1st Sunday, 10 a. m. Indianapolis, Ind., Lutheran Church, 217 S. New Jersey St., bi-monthly, 1st Sunday, 9:30 a. m. Louisville, Ky., Lutheran Church, 1125 E. Broadway, bi-monthly, first Sunday, 7:30 p. m. Jacksonville, Ill., monthly, 3rd Sunday, Religious instruction in State School, 9 a. m. Services in homes of the deaf at 2:30 p. m. St. Paul Mission. Rev. J. Schumacher, 687 Lafond St., St. Paul, Minn. St. Paul, Trinity School, Tilton and Wabasha. Sundays and other holy days, 11 a. m. Winona, St. Martin's Church, Monthly, second Sunday or Monday, 7:30 p. m. Lake City, bi-monthly, second Sunday, 4 p. m. Red Wing, bi-monthly, second Monday, 7:30 p. m. Stillwater, monthly first Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Gaylord, monthly, first Monday, 1 p. m. Eau Claire, Wis., 310 Broadway, third Saturday, 3 p. m.

PITTSBURGH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way. Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor. Mrs. J. M. Keith, Mute Interpreter.

FRATERNAL

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF. (Chartered by the State of Illinois)

Home Office: 21 North LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

DIVISION DIRECTORY.

(Giving date and place of meeting and Secretary's address.)

AKRON. No. 55, 127 S. Main St.—First Saturday. Frank A. Andrewjeski, 1656 Preston Ave., East Akron, Ohio.

ALBANY. No. 51, 50 State St.—Second Saturday. Fred Lloyd, 52 Hibbard St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

ATLANTA. No. 28, Red Men's Wigwam—Second Tuesday. John H. Norris, 450 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

BALTIMORE. No. 47, 114 N. Paca St.—Second Saturday. William W. Duvall, 1300 E. Fort St., Baltimore, Md.

BAY CITY. No. 9, White Eagle Hall—First Monday. C. F. W. Lawrence, 806 N. Henry St., Bay City, Mich.

BANGOR. No. 71, 121 Main St.—First Saturday. Albert L. Carlisle, 27 Forest Ave., Bangor, Maine.

BIRMINGHAM. No. 73, Y. M. C. A.—First Saturday. James E. Stiles, 1302 Whittaker St., Birmingham, Ala.

BOSTON. No. 35, 3 Boylston Place—First Saturday. William H. Battersby, 122 Waterhill St., Lynn, Boston, Mass.

BRIDGEPORT. Room 301, 21 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Bridgeport, No. 66, Carpenter Hall—Second Saturday. Gilbert P. Marshall, 60 Sixth St., Bridgeport, Conn.

BUFFALO. No. 40, Mizpah Hall, Ferry and Herkimer Sts.—First Saturday. Philip J. Maue, 1045 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

CEDAR RAPIDS. No. 49, First Wednesday. Laurence James, 1007 N. Seventeenth St., E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

CHICAGO. No. 1, 412 Masonic Temple—First Friday. CINCINNATI, No. 10, Court & Central Ave.—First Saturday. Emil Schneider, 1859 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLEVELAND. No. 21, West Side Turn Hall—First Saturday. Frank M. Bauer, 14207 Strathmore Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio.

COLUMBUS. No. 18, I. O. O. F. Hall—Second Saturday. Edwin I. Holycross, 910 E. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio.

DALLAS. No. 63, Labor Temple—First Saturday. Elmer E. Disz, 4216 Cedar Springs Road, Dallas, Texas.

DAVENPORT. No. 59, I. O. O. F. Hall, 510 Brady St.—Second Saturday. Charles M. Sharrar, 2024 1-2 W. Sixth St., Davenport, Iowa.

DAYTON. No. 8, 127 S. Main St.—First Saturday. Jackson Bates, 43 Calm St., Dayton, Ohio.

DENVER. No. 64, First Wednesday. Daniel Decker, Weaver Hall, 1421 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

DETROIT. No. 2, 176 E. Jefferson Ave.—First Saturday. Daniel Whitehead, 1346 Harper Ave., Detroit, Mich.

EVANSVILLE. No. 11, Y. M. C. A.—First Monday. Adolph Brizius, 1718 Canal St., Evansville, Ind.

FLINT. No. 15, 424 Buckham St.—First Tuesday. James M. Stewart, 408 W. Court St., Flint, Mich.

FORT WORTH. No. 62, W. O. W. Hall, Rosen Heights—First Monday. Joseph T. Sprouse, 1404 1/2 N. Main St., Fort Worth, Texas.

HOLYOKE. No. 26, Bridge Street Turn Hall—First Saturday. Arno Klopfer, 22 Jackson St., Holyoke, Mass.

HARTFORD. No. 37, Odd Fellows' Temple—First Saturday. Edgar C. Luther, 63 Whitman Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

HUNTINGTON. No. 50, First Saturday. James A. Pring, 1910 Third Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

INDIANAPOLIS. No. 22, I. O. O. F. Hall—First Wednesday. Harry V. Jackson, 811 N. Jefferson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

KENOSHA. No. 72, G. A. R. Hall—Second Saturday. Samuel E. Brown, 226 Fremont Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

KNOXVILLE. No. 20, K. of P. Hall—First Friday. L. A. Palmer, P. O. Box 590, Knoxville, Tenn.

KANSAS CITY. No. 31, Swedish Hall, 23rd & Summit Sts.—First Saturday. Matt A. Horn, 300 Ord St., Kansas City, Mo.

KALAMAZOO. No. 34, First Wednesday. Fred H. Wheeler, P. O. Box 614, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LITTLE ROCK. No. 5, First Wednesday. Charles F. Athy, c-o Dem. Ptg. & Litho Co., Little Rock, Ark.

LOUISVILLE. No. 4, Robinson Hall—First Saturday. John H. Mueller, 1013 E. Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky.

LOS ANGELES. No. 27, 730 S. Grand Ave.—First Saturday. Leon A. Fisk, 1515 Maple Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

MEMPHIS. No. 38, Y. M. C. A.—First Wednesday. John A. Todd, 367 Gaston Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MILWAUKEE. No. 17, S. W. corner Third & State Sts.—First Saturday. Samuel Sutter, 1403 20th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

NASHVILLE. No. 12, Y. M. C. A.—First Saturday. Thomas A. Ogilvie, 714 Benton Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

NASHUA. No. 7, Lafayette Hall—First Saturday. Richard Luce, 4 Berkeley St., Nashua, N. H.

NEWARK. No. 42, 210 Market St.—First Saturday. E. C. Ekworth, 393 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK CITY. No. 23, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn—Alfred Stevenson, 62 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

NEW ORLEANS. No. 33, Y. M. C. A.—First Wednesday. Morris Lahasky, 205 S. Rampart St., New Orleans, La.

PACH

PHOTOGRAPHER



TRINITY BUILDING
SUITE 2122-2123

111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

FAIR

AND

Social

under the auspices of the Trenton
Branch of the N. A. D.

May 31, 1920

AT
NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR
THE DEAF

Benefit Club House Fund

The Deaf everywhere are invited. Free admission
Useful articles, luncheon, and refreshments for sale.

The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine—newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by
Joseph Hepworth.

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM
Edited and controlled by the Deaf
Independent, Interesting, Outspoken,
and Honestly Impartial

Twenty-four page monthly
Annual subscription—single copies (pre-
paid) 60 cents. Those who prefer to send
a dollar bill will be credited with twenty
months' subscription.

Send a picture post card for specimen copy.

The British Deaf Times,

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

DIRECTORY—CONTINUED

NEW YORK CITY, No. 23, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn—
First Saturday. Millard B. Greene, 57 St. Nicholas Ave.,
Brooklyn N. Y.

OGDEN, No. 69, First Thursday. William Cole 3544
Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah.

OLATHE, No. 14, First Tuesday. E. H. McIlvain, Lock
Box 212, Olathe, Kan.

OMAHA, No. 32, Omaha, Neb. Swedish Auditorium—
Second Saturday. P. L. Axling, 501 First Ave., Council
Bluffs, Iowa.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 30, 1626 Arch St.—First Satur-
day. James F. Brady, 426 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, No. 36, McGeagh Bldg.—First Satur-
day. Frank A. Leitner, 1220 Braddock Ave., Pitts-
burgh, Pa.

PITTSFIELD, No. 70, 264 North St.—Second Saturday.
Walter H. Sears, Depot St., Dalton, Mass.

PORTLAND (Me.), No. 39, 514 Congress St.—Second
Saturday. William O. Kimball, 48 Gilman St., Portland
Maine.

PORTLAND (Ore.) No. 41, 129 Fourth St.—Second
Saturday. John O. Reichle, 900 E. Sixth St., N. Port-
land, Ore.

PROVIDENCE, No. 43, 850 Westminster St.—First
Saturday. A. J. Myers, 399 West Ave., Pawtucket,
R. I.

READING, No. 54, 8th & Penn Sts.—First Saturday.
John Wise, 342 N. Fourth St., Reading, Pa.

ROCHESTER, No. 52, Engineers' Hall—Second Satur-
day. Rolland B. Maxson, 32 Lehigh Ave., Rochester,
N. Y.

ROCKFORD, No. 57, Mead Bldg., S. Main St. First
Thursday. Fred W. A. Hammer, 1428 Rural St., Rock-
ford, Ill.

SAGINAW, No. 3, Second Thursday. William J.
Cummiford, 520 Van Etten St., Saginaw, Mich.

SALT LAKE CITY, No. 56, First Saturday. John D.
Rowan, 231 Atlas Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SAN FRANCISCO, No. 53, 44 Page St.—First Satur-
day. Walter Hannan, 4244 19th St., San Francisco, Cal.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 13, Zimmerman Bldg.—Second
Saturday. Perry R. McMurray, 2501 Beatrice St.,
Springfield, Ohio.

TOLEDO, No. 16, Kapp Hall—First Saturday. John
E. Curry, 3707 Homewood Ave., W. Toledo, Ohio.

SEATTLE, No. 44, Liberty Building—First Saturday.
Albert W. Wright, Route 2, Box 324B., Seattle, Wash.

ST. LOUIS, No. 24, 3549 Olive St.—First Friday. A. O.
Steidemann, 1444 Shawmut Place, St. Louis, Mo.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 67, 48 Pynchon St.—First Saturday.
John E. Haggerty, 807 Liberty St., Springfield, Mass.

ST. PAUL, No. 61, Charles Thompson Memorial Hall—
A. Benolkin, 912 N. E. University Ave., Minneapolis,
Minn.

Second Saturday. Fairview and Marshall Aves., John
Springfield, Ill.

SYRACUSE, No. 48, Whitlock Memorial Bldg.—Second
Saturday. Styles R. Woodworth, 132 Cannon St.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

UTICA, No. 45, Maccabee's Hall—Second Saturday.
John H. Thomas, Frankfort, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, No. 46, N. E. Masonic Temple—First
Wednesday. W. P. Souder, 308 Ninth St., N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

WORCESTER, No. 60, 306 Main St.—Second Saturday.
Frank E. Lander, 23 Cheever St., Worcester, Mass.

WATERBURY, No. 65, Garden Hall—Second Saturday.
William O'Connell, 31 Central Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

WACO, No. 68, First Wednesday. Thomas E. Childers,
921 Proctor St., Waco, Texas.

SOCIAL

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League 139 West 125th Street,
N. Y. C.

Los Angeles Silent Club Red Men's Hall 337½ South Hill
St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silent Athletic Club 238 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society—210 Market St. Newark.
President, Philip Hoenig; Rec. Secretary Frank Hop-
paugh; Financial Sec., Alfred Shaw; Treasurer, Edward C.
Elsworth. Meetings last Saturday of each month.

Alphabet Club, New York City—meets at Boys' Club 10th
Street and Avenue A.

LAUGHS

A thing moderately good is not so good as it ought to be.
Moderation in temper is always a virtue; but moderation in
principle is always a vice.—Thomas Paine.

Sandy and Ikey had a dispute at the front as to which
of their races had produced names the most famous in
history. And odd bet it was. For each great name that
Sandy named of a Scot whom history had honored he was
to pull out one of Ikey's hairs, and Ikey was to have the
same privilege.

"Do ye begin!" said Sandy.
"Moses!" said Ikey, and pulled.

"Bobbie Burns!" said Sandy, and returned the compli-
ment.

"Abraham!" said Ikey, and pulled again.
"Ouch! Duggie Haig!" said Sandy.
And then Ikey grabbed a handful of hairs at once.
"Joseph and his brethren!" he said gloating a bit as he
watched the tears starting from Sandy's eyes. "So it's
pulling them out in bunches ye are!" said Sandy. "Ah,
well man—" and he reached with both hands for Ikey's
thatch. "The Highland Brigade!" he roared, and pulled all
the hairs his hands could hold.

The New Squire—"Ah! yes, wonderful interestin' places,
these old country churchyards. Now, wonder why they
called the old boy 'Hic' Jacet. A bit too free with the
port, eh? what?"

OPENED HIS HEART

A young couple went to a minister's house to get married.
After the ceremony the bridegroom drew the clergyman
aside and said in a whisper:

"I'm sorry, I have no money to pay your fee, but if
you'll take me down cellar I'll show you how to fix your
gas meter so that it won't register."

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900
AN ORGANIZATION FOR THE WELFARE
OF ALL THE DEAF

Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and
industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment
Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National
Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability
laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the
Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of
employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, develop-
ment and extension of educational facilities
for the deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved
and successful methods of instruction in
schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such
methods to the need of individual pupils, and
to oppose the indiscriminate application of any
single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for
the suppression of the imposter evil,—hearing
person posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of
which is to be devoted to furthering the ob-
jects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles
Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor
of the Deaf.

Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the
United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citi-
zens of the United States and Hearing Per-
sons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life
membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment
Fund at one time. All Official Publications
free to members.

Official Organ: The NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in
the advancement of the Deaf along educational
and industrial lines are urged to join the As-
sociation and co-operate financially and other-
wise in promoting its objects.
Life memberships, donations and bequests
towards the increase of the Endowment fund
are especially needed and earnestly solicited
to the end that permanent headquarters, in
charge of salaried experts, may be maintained
for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution
of the work of the Association.

Officers

James H. Cloud, President.
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.

James W. Howson, First Vice-President.
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Berkley, California.

Cloa G. Lamson, Second Vice-President.
Teacher School for the Deaf,
Columbus, Ohio.

Arthur L. Roberts, Secretary.
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Washington, D. C.

John H. McFarlane, Treasurer.
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Talladega, Alabama.

Jay C. Howard, Board Member.
Investment and Real Estate,
Duluth, Minnesota.

Olof Hanson, Board Member
Architect,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Trustees Endowment Fund

Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, Flint, Michigan.
Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.
Edwin W. Frisbee, West Medford, Mass.

State Organizer for New Jersey

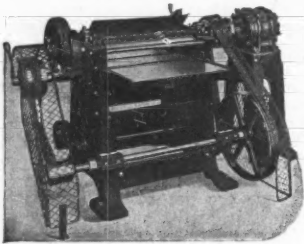
Through whom remittances for dues, fees,
donations and life memberships may be made

GEORGE S. PORTER,

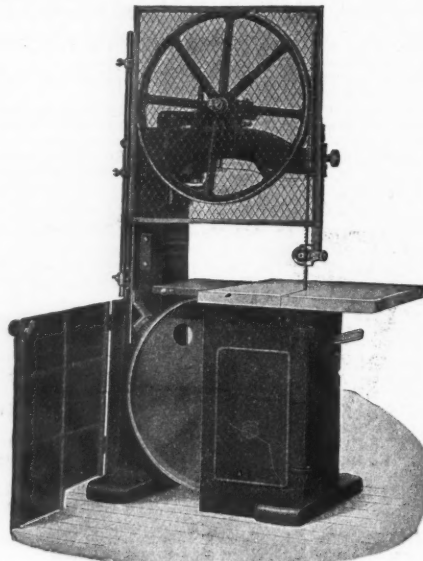
School for the Deaf,

Trenton, N. J.

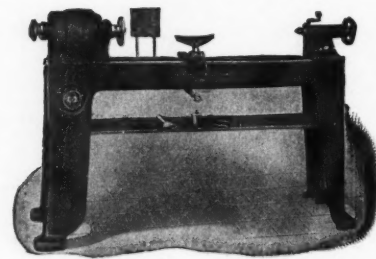
Join the N. A. D. Do it now.



No. 2 "Lightning" Surfacer



No. 50 Special 36" Band Scroll Saw, Fitted with Iron Doors, and Wire Mesh Guard.



No. 400-A Manual Training Lathe

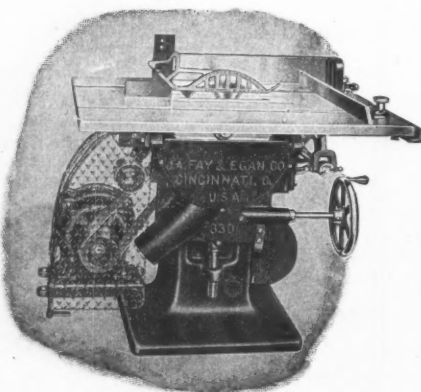
TRAIN YOUR BOYS ON REAL MACHINES ---NOT TOYS

When they have completed their training, your boys expect to be equipped with sufficient practical and theoretical knowledge to enable them to secure good positions in their chosen trade.

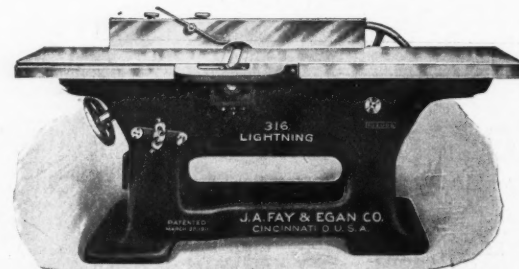
The tools on which they receive their training should, therefore, be the same as are used in the commercial world.

Fay-Egan "LIGHTNING" Line Woodworking Machines are used in all the leading woodworking plants and manual training schools throughout the world.

Aside from their pedagogical value, the "fool-proof" and "safety-first" features and long wearing qualities make them indispensable and cheaper in the long run for technical work.



No. 330 Variety Saw



No. 316 "Lightning" Hand Planer and Jointer

J. A. FAY & EGAN CO.

WORLD'S OLDEST & LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY
THE "LIGHTNING LINE" ESTABLISHED 1830

168-188 WEST FRONT ST.,

CINCINNATI, OHIO